MY TRIP IN THE "JOHN WILLIAMS"

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WARDLAW
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WITH
62
ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON·MISSIONARY·SOCIETY

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EMMANUEL

ANTIQUARIAAT
C.P.J. VAN DER PEET

MY TRIP IN THE "JOHN WILLIAMS"

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS. (*See page* 123.)

MY TRIP IN THE "JOHN WILLIAMS"

BY

R. WARDLAW THOMPSON

WITH SIXTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

London

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PREFACE

IT has been a great pleasure to write for those who collected the money for building the *John Williams*, and who meet the cost of working it, the following brief record of a delightful tour. Our Mission steamer cost a great deal to build, and she costs twice as much as the old barque to maintain. But my voyage made three things very clear:—(1) Such a vessel is necessary if the work of the Mission is to be properly done; (2) the work is worth all the expenditure; (3) the vessel is admirably suited for the purpose for which she has been built. I wish all who will read this book could have shared in the many and varied interests of the trip it describes, and could see with their own eyes the wonderful change which the Gospel is making among the South Sea Islanders. As this is not possible, I hope the story of my travels will prove interesting, and will encourage them to continue their efforts to help the Society.

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My Trip in the "John Williams"

CHAPTER I

OUR START—BRISBANE TO KWATO

OUR cruise in the *John Williams* really began at Brisbane, because we wished to make the most of our limited time in Australia. Otherwise we ought to have started with the vessel from Sydney. Our good ship is fortunate in having such a home to start from, and to which to return at the end of her voyage. Sydney Harbour is one of the finest in the world. It is a land-locked sheet of water of great extent, so large that the great city of Sydney, with all its wharves and docks and shipping and waterside suburbs, seems only to occupy a very small portion of the shore. There are said to be 365 bays, with more than 100 miles of deep water close to the shore, entirely obviating the necessity of building docks for vessels to come alongside the wharves. Busy as the waterside is in the city, many of the bays in the more distant parts of the harbour are still "far from the madding crowd," and are the resort of picnic parties and camping-out parties, because they are so completely cut off from busy life.

There are many very large and handsome vessels in Sydney

Harbour, but we did not see one which looked smarter or more attractive than the *John Williams*. She is like a handsome yacht in appearance, and is kept spotlessly clean and in perfect order. The visits of the *John Williams* to Sydney are not by any means a playtime for those who have to do with her. She makes three voyages a year, so she comes to Sydney three times. Once a year she is in harbour for about two months; then she is taken into Mort's dry dock, and has to be thoroughly overhauled and repaired before she comes alongside the wharf to be loaded. After every long voyage she has to be cleaned below the water-line, because in those seas weeds of various kinds grow very rapidly and very thickly on the hulls of vessels, and greatly impede their progress. After the cleansing and painting process is over, 500 tons of coal have to be stored in the bunkers and the hold, and then all the cargo has to be put on board.

For weeks before the vessel's arrival, Mr. Pratt receives letters from missionaries in New Guinea and the South Seas, containing orders for stores and goods of all kinds for themselves and for the Mission. These are all sent down to the ship when she reaches the wharf, and is ready to receive them, and have to be stowed in the hold or arranged on deck, according to their nature. There is no time wasted, for the vessel starts at certain dates, which are arranged at the beginning of the year, and goes off as punctually as a mail steamer. When all is ready there is a valedictory service on board. The *John Williams* has many friends in Sydney, so that this is always a good meeting. On Monday, March 22nd, 1897, Mr. Crosfield, the Rev. J. King, of Melbourne, and I joined the company who gathered on board the vessel for such a valedictory service. The missionary character of the ship is kept very clearly before all the

crew, and also before the public, at these gatherings. It was amusing to watch the looks of wonder and inquiry of those on board the other vessels moored close to us, as they heard the unwonted sounds of hymn-singing and public prayer and speech from the deck of the little craft beside them.

Mr. King, who was formerly a missionary in Samoa, and who is now the Society's agent in Australasia, joined us for the trip to New Guinea, and was a delightful as well as most useful addition to our company. The native teachers from Samoa were delighted to see one to whom they could speak freely in their own tongue. His experience of mission work, and his knowledge of the Society's affairs, enabled him to take an important part in all our deliberations with the missionaries, and we were very sorry when the time came to say farewell and we had to do without his pleasant companionship.

The steamer left Sydney at 7 a.m. on the day after the valedictory service, and we heard that some enthusiastic friends had actually gone to the wharf at that early hour to see her start!

We joined the ship at Brisbane on the following Friday night, arriving from Ipswich after a meeting so late that we could not go to any friend's house. Next morning the vessel was gaily decorated betimes, and a great crowd of boys and girls belonging to the various Sunday Schools came on board, and Captain Hore distributed to them the New Year's Offering prize books they had earned. It was a very bright and merry company, uncommonly like similar gatherings nearer home. On Saturday evening a number of the native crew of the *John Williams* attended the missionary meeting and sang some hymns in the Aitutakian language. We started on our voyage down the Brisbane River at 5 a.m. on Monday, March 29th. Five or six miles down the river we slowed down at a "meat cannery," where

we were to receive half a dozen live sheep. There are several large establishments for tinning meat on the banks of the river, which make their presence disagreeably known by the smells they give rise to. Otherwise the trip down the river in the fresh morning air, and with a gentle and pleasant breeze just rippling the surface of the water, was very enjoyable. We flattered ourselves that we were making a very good start, and should prove to be excellent sailors. We had heard that the *John Williams* was what is facetiously termed a "very lively" boat, but we saw no sign of this. She seemed somewhat small after the *Gothic*, in which Mr. Crosfield and I had travelled from England. The *Gothic* was 7,750 tons, the *John Williams* was only 662 tons; so that the *Gothic* was almost twelve times as large. But in steadiness, the little vessel was as good as the big one. We finished our home letters in comfort, to be posted by the pilot when he left us, knowing that they were the last words our friends would have from us for some time. We were leaving the world of civilization behind us, and we were launching out into barbarism. We had with us the last morning paper we should see for many weeks; we were going away beyond the reach of telegrams, and in glorious uncertainty as to when we should receive letters or be able to post any. But we were going under wonderfully comfortable conditions: a good ship, good cabins, good captain, pleasant companions; and in such weather we all felt ourselves to be good sailors.

While we were finishing our letters, the *John Williams* got to the mouth of the river and out to the Heads, where we saw the pilot tug waiting to take the pilot from us. Hulloa! the *John Williams* and the other vessel begin to bob away at each other like a couple of dancing-school masters, now with their heads in air, and then bowing so low that one wonders if they are going to take a header into the

waves. Then a boat comes from the tug to fetch the pilot, and seems to be trying hard to stand on end among the waves. We wave good-byes, and then the three bold sailors pace the decks with an air of determination on their faces which gradually changes to—my diary

MR. CROSFIELD ON DECK.

says, "Passed Bar buoy, 11 a.m. Posted letters by pilot. After that —misery." The following day's entry is, "Said to be a fine day—doubtless it was." I know my diary is correct—in fact, it is well within the truth. Whenever I was able to turn my attention from my own affairs to notice my neighbours, I observed that Mr. Crosfield

seemed to have an amazing affection for his easy chair, and was evidently resting most earnestly after the fatigues of Australian travel and speech-making; while Mr. King seemed to have developed quite a sentimental tendency to lean over the railing and gaze at the sad sea waves! If any one had asked me that day what I thought of the *John Williams*, or of myself for entering upon such an expedition, I fear my remarks would hardly have been complimentary.

The next morning life looked brighter. When I made my appearance at breakfast my two companions had the effrontery to profess that they never had a more delightful time in their lives, and ventured to suggest that I must have been sea-sick! If I was I never transgressed in that way again, and though we had many opportunities in the South Seas of proving that the *John Williams* was a "lively" boat, we found her a delightfully comfortable home. The kindness and attention of Captain Hore and the officers and of all his men were ceaseless and abounding, while we found continually that the wise thoughtfulness of the designer, Mr. Gilbert S. Goodwin, in every detail of arrangement, had made the vessel as thoroughly adapted as it was possible to be for the requirements of the work for which she was built. It is not very easy to get an ideal crew for a vessel like the *John Williams*. It is, of course, indispensable that the officers should be thoroughly skilful navigators, and that the engineers should be men of professional training and experience, quite competent to work costly and complicated machinery, otherwise the steamer would soon be lost. But for a vessel engaged in missionary service, whose passengers are missionaries and native evangelists and others connected with the Mission, and whose visits to the islands and ports to which she goes are closely connected with the work of Christ, it is very desirable that all on board should

be not only men of good behaviour and good character, but also, if possible, sincere Christians. Unfortunately, it is not easy to carry out this principle, but we were, on the whole, greatly pleased with the company we found on board. Captain Hore is well known, and needs no introduction. Mr. Mitchell, the chief officer, was mate of the last *John Williams* under Captain Turpie, a man of most kindly and obliging disposition, greatly liked by the missionaries on account of his attention to their needs. Since our voyage, Mr. Mitchell has been made captain of the *Olive Branch*. Mr. Bunting, the chief engineer, has been for many years a member of the Congregational Church at Newcastle, New South Wales, and comes of a good Nonconformist stock in Cheshire. We found him a very intelligent and sympathetic man, with whom it was always a pleasure to have a chat. He had been the engineer of the Presbyterian steamer *Dayspring*, which was built for the New Hebrides Mission on the appeal of Dr. J. G. Paton, and was on board when she was wrecked off the coast of New Caledonia.

There were in all eleven Europeans on the vessel, including the captain, and there were thirteen native sailors and firemen. Many of these native sailors interested us very much. They were fine, stalwart, good-natured, well-behaved men, with some of whom we made many boating trips before our journey was over, and some of whom, I believe, were sincere and earnest Christians. They had an amazing capacity for consuming the supplies of food which were provided at every place we went to, and which seemed to make no difference in their appetite for their ordinary rations. But they worked hard, were untiring and skilful boatmen with the heavy ship's boat, and never seemed to grumble.

We had a steady and favourable wind all the way from Brisbane

to New Guinea, and were able to judge of the qualities of the *John Williams* under sail. The best day's run of the week was done without the aid of steam. When we had recovered our "sea legs," we began to look round, and got to know something of the work the ship has to do. The forward part of the deck was covered and lumbered with a great variety of things. On one side there was a quantity of timber—long beams and planks which were too big to get down to the hold. These were part of a large supply which had to be taken to Mangaia for the erection of houses for the students. There were crates of fowls, and geese, and ducks, and turkeys for various stations in New Guinea. There were galvanized iron water tanks for some one, and there was a small boat for Mr. Schlencker. Down in the forecabin, set apart for native passengers, we were shown a series of small cupboards with open wire fronts. There was one set apart for each station the vessel calls at. In these were placed all the small parcels and packages for each missionary. Below the forecabin was the hold, which was full of barrels of sugar and bags of flour and of rice, bales of calico and prints, boxes of books and slates and writing materials, boxes of tinned provisions and boxes of ironmongery, crates of crockery, cases of paraffin oil, and a great variety of other things. It was easy to see how great the value of the missionary ship must be simply as a means of conveying needed stores to the stations.

When the weather was fine, life on the *John Williams* was very enjoyable. At 6 a.m. the steward came to our cabins with a cup of coffee and a biscuit. This was the signal for going on deck to enjoy a walk in undress, while the men were washing it with hose pipe and brooms. After a walk came a bath and dressing for the day. We had prayers on deck at 7.45 a.m., attendance at which was quite

voluntary, but we usually had eight or nine present. The singing was led by the carpenter, and was generally very hearty, being from Sankey's hymn book. At 8 o'clock we had breakfast, after which every one settled down to whatever reading and writing we had in hand. It must be confessed that as we got into the tropics, and the damp heat became more and more oppressive, the amount

TAKING THE SUN.

THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" IN A HEAVY SEA.

read did not increase, while the intervals of meditation, when the book was dropped on the lap and the eyes were shut, grew more frequent and more prolonged. At 11 o'clock the steward came and roused us from our reveries or our studies by the offer of a cup of tea, or a glass of lime-juice, or some fruit. At noon the captain and Mr. Mitchell "took the sun"; *i.e.*, measured the altitude of the sun, in order that they might work out the latitude and longitude, and mark on the chart exactly where the ship was on the wide waste of

waters. It took them until nearly dinner time to work out these calculations. One o'clock brought us dinner, when we rejoiced together over a good run, or discussed the reasons why the vessel had not done well. The afternoon repeated the activities of the morning, so that we were quite ready for afternoon tea at 3 o'clock. The last meal of the day was high tea at 5.30 p.m., but our attentive friend the steward always made his appearance again at 8 p.m. to offer us cocoa, or hot water, or any other light refreshment we required.

In addition to the daily morning prayer, we had a short service in the saloon every Thursday evening. On Sundays the morning service at sea always has to be brief, because it is absolutely necessary that the officers should be on deck before 12 o'clock to take the sun. We therefore had a shortened form of the morning prayers of the Church of England. In the evening we had a service of a freer kind. Our native crew seemed to like these services. There were always some of them present, and though they could not understand very much they enjoyed the singing of Sankey's hymns. Once or twice, when we had a missionary on board who could play on the American organ, our singing became quite lively.

Our good captain's ingenuity in arrangements to make his passengers happy and comfortable was very great. He had devised a swing cot on the deck for ladies who were not feeling well. He had a lot of toys for use when children were on board. Deck quoits became a very favourite sport when our company was enlarged on the coast of New Guinea. But perhaps the pleasantest hours were those spent in the chart room in the evenings, chatting about many things, and drawing out of Captain Hore some of the interesting and amusing experiences through which he had passed.

Captain Hore very kindly had one of the smaller cabins set

apart for my special use as a store room and dark room. After we began our work at the Mission stations, I spent many hours in that darkened chamber, developing the photographs I had taken on shore. This, I suppose, is to be regarded as a form of amusement, and, if so, it proves that men will do cheerfully for amusement what they would grumble about very vigorously if they were compelled to do it as a duty. Some of the most trying hours of the voyage were spent in the amusement of developing photographs, when the temperature in the saloon was 85°, and not a breath of air could be introduced into the dark room.

Thanks to the favourable wind, we made a splendid run from Brisbane to Samarai, and actually arrived some hours before the time we had calculated. The *John Williams* can steam at a respectable speed, but with a good breeze she goes faster under sail; and the days of that trip to New Guinea were often looked back to with longing afterwards, when we were trying hard to push on against the strong trade wind under steam alone. On Saturday, April 3rd, shortly before noon, the welcome announcement was made that we were very near the end of the "Barrier Reef," which guards the southern shores of New Guinea. We had not seen a coral reef before, and were very curious to see what it would be like. I must confess that the first sight was disappointing. Afterwards, as we steamed along the coast of New Guinea, and still more when we got to the South Seas, we got a better idea of the wonderful work of the coral insects. This barrier reef did not show very much at first. All that we could see was that far out in the ocean a long line of rock seemed to rise just to the surface. We should not have known it was there but for the break of the waves upon it, making a line of foam. As soon as it was sighted,

we passed along the outer edge of it, keeping at a respectful distance. Presently a long, low island came into view inside the reef;

BELL ROCK, NEW GUINEA.

then other and larger ones were seen; then about 3 o'clock we came to a wide gap, where for some unknown reason the reef had

not been made. It was like a gate in a wall at which we had to enter. Steaming through the opening, we soon discovered what power the reef had to protect. Outside, though it was not a very windy day, there was a long, heavy ocean swell rolling incessantly along. The reef stopped the waves, and on the side nearest the land the water was quite calm. Then we had a lovely sail for nearly thirty miles on what seemed like a great lake studded with beautiful islands, large and small, and the hills of the mainland came more and more distinctly into view. About 7.30 p.m. we came to the anchorage at Samarai, which is the chief and only European settlement at the east end of New Guinea. It is a very small place now, but will probably be the most important centre of trade and civilization in the future. We had scarcely dropped our anchor when the rain began to fall, and the brilliant day was ended by a regular tropical downpour. In the midst of the rain we heard the sound of oars in the darkness, and soon the Mission boat from Kwato came alongside with Mr. Abel on board, welcoming us to New Guinea, and kindly urging us to come and take up our abode at the Mission-house.

CHAPTER II

AT KWATO

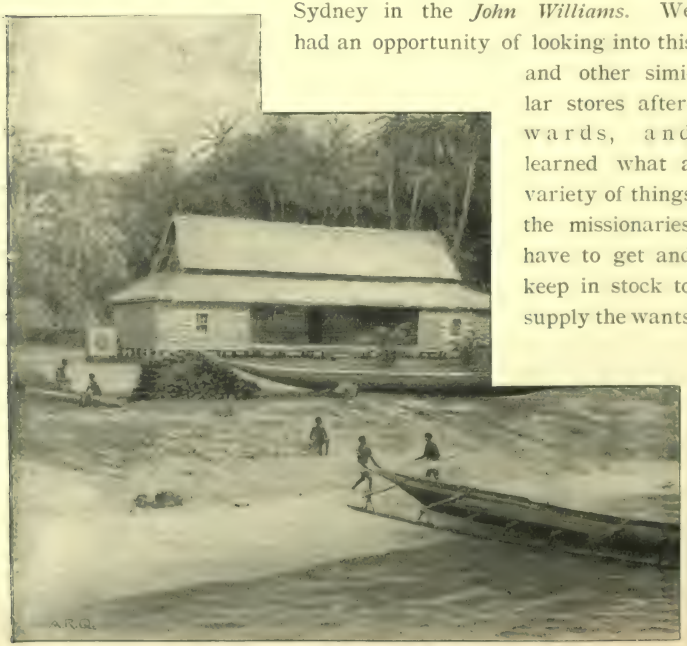
WHEN we awoke at Samarai on Sunday, April 4th, we found ourselves in the midst of a scene of great beauty and attractiveness. The little settlement on Samarai, or Dinner Island, was not far off, and between the *John Williams* and the shore were anchored several small coasting craft, among them a lugger belonging to the Anglican Mission. On the other side of the ship stretched a wide expanse of water, on the rippled surface of which the sunlight was dancing, and which looked like a great bay because we could not see the openings between it and the mainland on the east and west. In the foreground was a small island covered with trees, which is used as a burying-ground. From the distant shore beyond the island rose a range of high hills, timber-clad to their summits. To the east the prospect was bounded by the hills and bays of the island of Sariba, while to the west was the picturesque island of Rogeia, or Logia, the northern end of which seemed to stretch out into a long arm, in which nestled Kwato.

The island of Kwato belongs to the London Missionary Society, having been exchanged by the Government of New Guinea in 1891 for Dinner Island, which was wanted as a township on account of the excellence of the anchorage. It seemed at first as if the Government had got by far the best of the bargain, because Kwato

was so unhealthy that it was doubtful if a European could live there. The energy of Mr. Abel and Mr. Walker made a wonderful change. They gathered a large number of natives, and set them to work for several months filling up a great swamp close to the Mission-house, and thus drove out the disease which lurked in the swamp. Kwato is a lovely little island, and now that the swamp has been filled it is as healthy as any place on the coast of New Guinea can be. Unfortunately, this is not saying much, for fever and dysentery are only too common everywhere.

We started from the *John Williams* about 8 a.m. on Sunday and were rowed across to the Mission station, a distance of about two miles. At the landing-place we found a well-built stone pier, the work of the native teacher, Ono, a South Sea islander, who was the first resident worker on the island. We found a large party gathered to meet us, consisting of the native teachers of the district and their wives, all neatly dressed, and all eager to shake hands and welcome the visitors from the Society. Mr. Abel introduced us to them all. Foremost was Maanaima, the teacher of the Kwato school, a Samoan who had come to New Guinea with the reputation of being the best student of his time at Malua, a man of presence, stout, with good features, dignified and intelligent, looking every inch a typical headmaster. Then there were Filemona of Higabi, and Toma of Waralaia, who are also Samoans, and Kago of Maivara, Badiara of Matadona, Biga of Waga Waga, Vainebogi of Kwavili, Kitabu of Gabunabuna, and Anederea of Laniam, all New Guineans, and Elizaro, a young Samoan who had recently arrived, and who afterwards went back with us to his home, because neither he nor his wife seemed able to live in the climate of New Guinea.

We found ourselves, when we landed, on a wide stretch of level ground, representing the old swamp which had been filled up. On the right was the school-house and teacher's dwelling, and not far from it a building which was being used as a church. To the left at a little distance was the Mission store, in which are kept all the supplies for the native teachers, and which was to be filled up with goods we had brought from Sydney in the *John Williams*. We had an opportunity of looking into this and other similar stores afterwards, and learned what a variety of things the missionaries have to get and keep in stock to supply the wants



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CANOES, KWATO.

of the teachers in a country without shops, and where everything belonging to civilized life has to be imported. Here were iron pots and kettles, hatchets, knives and forks, scissors, needles, pins, and thimbles, coats, and shirts, and trousers, and dresses, and undergarments, and calico; bags of rice, sugar, flour, soap, tinned meats, lamps and lamp glasses, tins of paraffin, and an assortment of domestic crockery. Here, too, was a quantity of small change in the form of thin sticks of very black-looking tobacco. There is no money in New Guinea. The people at Port Moresby and one or two other places are beginning to learn what a shilling is useful for, and they are inclined to want a shilling for everything, however trifling. But in most places it would be no use to offer a man a shilling. You might have your pockets full of sovereigns, but you would not be able to buy a yam or a plantain, however hungry you might be. But a stick of that black-looking tobacco would buy as much food as you wanted, and if you had a pocket full you would be rich! The teachers are obliged to get a certain number of sticks of tobacco every month as part of their salary, just as one would need to get change for a sovereign here for the purpose of making small purchases. We did not, however, see all these things inside the store until the next day, but the building was pointed out to us. Close to it a beautiful large bell was hung, which had been presented to the Mission by a Sunday School in England. Not far off was a row of houses built for the young men whom Mr. Abel formerly had under training as teachers. Behind these houses a winding path commenced, which led up to the Mission-house, which was perched on the top of the central hill. It was not far off and not much of a climb—only about 200 feet—but we were beginning already to learn what it meant to be in the tropics. It was only

half-past eight, and it was the cool season in New Guinea, but we felt as if we were in a Turkish bath, and the climb up that steep path was like climbing a mountain. When we got to the top we felt as if we ought to be hung out to dry!

The Mission-house looked such a large place from a distance that we were astonished to find that it consisted of only four rooms. Two small annexes had been erected at the back, for kitchen and store room and for the boarding-school children, and the old Mission-house, which was formerly down near the landing place, had been removed and re-erected not far off, for the accommodation of some of the many visitors who find their way to the hospitable shelter of Kwato. What makes the Mission-house look large is the deep verandah, the breadth of an ordinary room, which almost entirely surrounds it, and which is indispensable in that climate for shelter alike from sun and rain.

Climbing is hungry work, especially before breakfast, so we were soon enjoying Mrs. Abel's kind provision. After breakfast she introduced us to her "family" of seventeen girls and nine boys, who are living at the Mission-house under her care. Some of them were little children, others were sixteen or seventeen years of age. All were neatly dressed in brown holland, and looked very bright and happy. We had seen two or three of them already in attendance at the breakfast table, and had been pleased with their behaviour and their work. We learned afterwards that some of these children had been placed in charge of the Mission by the Government, while others came from various parts of the Mission district; and that in almost every case they had been placed under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Abel by their parents, with the hope that they might be trained in civilized ways. They were certainly being well trained in many

things. The elder boys learned carpentering and other useful handicrafts. The elder girls were already skilful hands at the

THE MISSION-HOUSE, KWATO.

work of the laundry, and were learning to be useful in the house. All of them were being taught to read and write and sing, and to know the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of sinners.

That Sunday at Kwato was a busy and a very exciting day First came family worship, conducted by Mr. Abel entirely in the Suau language, for the benefit of his family. It was our first service in dark New Guinea, and perhaps on that account made a great impression on us. It made me feel a very large lump in my throat when I heard these children of savages singing with fresh young voices familiar tunes and then joining in the Lord's Prayer.

After worship we had the excitement of watching the congregation coming across from Rogeia to morning service. The view from the verandah was magnificent. We could see far away down the long shining track of sea which the *John Williams* had taken the previous afternoon, with all the islands which marked the course, while near at hand was the beautiful island of Rogeia with its tree-covered hills. On the beach opposite to Kwato were some native huts, half hidden among trees. Some canoes with their strange-looking sails were coming round the point from more distant parts of the island, and some were launched from the opposite shore. When they had all reached the landing-place we went down to the morning service. I doubt if any of the visitors will ever forget that service. I have worshipped with some strange-looking congregations in various parts of the world, but not even the fierce Matabele, who assembled at Inyati in 1884, all armed with spears and clubs, presented so wild and startling an appearance as those New Guineans. There were sixty or seventy men and a number of women, and we were struck at once by two things—the men's heads and the women's skirts. The women had on a sort of kilt made of fine threads of grass, dyed various shades of brown, but they apparently thought that as it was Sunday they ought to put on all they possessed. Some of them appeared to have half a

dozen of these grass kilts, one over the other, until they stuck out all round them in the most comical fashion. They were also tatooed on the face and down the neck and arms and over the shoulders and body in most elaborate patterns, giving the appear-

ON THE SHORE, KWATO.

ance at a little distance of a tightly fitting covering of lace. The men wore no clothing except a narrow loin band, but they had a variety of necklaces and armlets, and their hair was dressed in startling fashion. They also carried netted bags made of string, which they used after the fashion of a lady's reticule, though their

contents were somewhat different. The most conspicuous article in the bag was a gourd filled with lime. Every man had in his hand a wooden knife, not unlike a paper cutter, which he kept dipping in the lime gourd, and, taking out a quantity of lime, he laid it on his teeth and sucked it as if it had been toffee.

Mr. Abel was busy at the time we visited Kwato in the erection of a permanent church, with stone and concrete walls, on a somewhat elevated and conspicuous site. The place of worship then in use was a wooden building, the walls and floor of split palm, looking rather like bamboo. There was a verandah round three sides, and of course in that climate it was quite unnecessary to have glass windows. Inside the building there was a horseshoe-shaped platform at one end. The native teachers of the district and their wives were accommodated at one side of this; the children from Mrs. Abel's school, who formed our choir, sat on the opposite side, looking very clean and attractive in their brown holland dresses. The children whom Maanaima has boarding with him at the schoolhouse sat on the floor in front, and behind them were the general congregation, which filled the little building and also occupied the verandah. Of course none of these could read, but the Christians among them had learned the hymns by heart and joined in the singing, while many of the others listened with evident interest. It was strange to be among people whose Bible consisted only of one Gospel. They know nothing of the rich utterances of devout experience in the Book of Psalms; the stories of Adam and Noah, of Abraham and Joseph, of Moses and David, and other characters of the Old Testament with which we have been familiar from childhood, are only heard at second hand when the missionary tells them; Matthew and Luke and John and Paul are only names to

them. All they have to read is the story of Christ's life as told by St. Mark, and this they learn very slowly and painfully, using it as their first lesson book in the mysterious process of reading. It is very, very difficult for grown-up barbarians who have never

THE "OLIVE BRANCH" OFF KAPAKAPA.

heard about the alphabet before to acquire the mystery of letters. They would find food, would build huts, and be comfortable under conditions in which we should soon starve, but they look on with amazement at the wonderful book, and are hopeless as they attempt to master the meaning of those strange marks on the paper which

we find so simple. We therefore rejoiced in the effort Mr. and Mrs. Abel were making to get hold of and to train the children; and we listened with delight to their voices as they sang hymn and chant, and repeated responses, and joined in the Lord's Prayer and in saying a simple creed.

One feature in the service was quite novel. Mr. Abel is teaching his people to repeat a brief statement of the British laws which have been prepared for the benefit of all the inhabitants of British New Guinea. These simple rules of conduct are learned as the commandments are learned, and thus law and order are associated with religion.

The service was brief, bright, and simple, and at its close we interviewed some of the congregation, who seemed as much interested in us as we were in them. Then we climbed the hill again, and watched with amusement a number of women who came up after us and disappeared into the back premises. It turned out that these were the mothers and friends of some of the children in Mrs. Abel's family, and that they had come with supplies of native food of various kinds. In the afternoon a delightful communion service was held on the verandah. At the time of our visit there were only twelve members in the church, but as the teachers and their wives had come in from the district we had a company of about forty. Two of the teachers led in prayer. The fine old chief of the district and another old man acted as deacons, and each of the three visitors said a few words. Mr. Abel had evening prayers with the children after tea. Then it was announced that the *Olive Branch* was in sight. Soon she anchored, and Mr. Pearse landed. He had kindly come to meet us, and to escort us round his own district after we left Kwato.

After the greetings were over we went down the hill again, and held an evening service in English for the benefit of Europeans on Samarai. Several had come from the settlement, including the acting magistrate. Others had come from the *John Williams*, so we had fully thirty present. When the service was over we returned to our vessel, excited by all the novel experiences of the day and almost too tired to sleep.

On Monday morning we returned to the shore, and spent a long day in work connected with the Mission. We examined the schools, had a serious conference with the native teachers, and discussed with Mr. Abel many things of importance. In the evening Mr. Abel came back with us to the ship, that he might start with us on the Tuesday morning at daylight for a visit to Milne Bay.

NATIVE TEACHERS' HOUSE, WAGA WAGA.

CHAPTER III

MILNE BAY TO ISULAILAI

MILNE BAY is a deep inlet about twenty miles east of Samarai, the eastern side of which is a long narrow promontory, forming the extreme point of the mainland of New Guinea. The Society's New Guinea Mission ends at East Cape. A glance at the map will show that there is land for some distance beyond the cape

in clusters of islands, which were probably at some far bygone time part of the mainland. These islands are the sphere of the Wesleyan New Guinea Mission, and we were very sorry we could not go on to see the good work which is being done in them. Mr. Abel has eleven outstations on the shore of Milne Bay. Five of these are in the care of New Guinea teachers, the other six being worked by Samoans. It was not possible for us to see all these outstations in the time at our disposal, so we decided to go to one of the New Guinea stations, and one of those where the Samoans are at work At 5.45 a.m. the steamer was under weigh, and we were on deck to see all we could. In the pleasant morning air, and just before sunrise, we steamed out of the bay, and then passed along the narrow winding channel of China Straits. At the eastern end of the straits the bay begins, and we turned sharp round to the left, that we might go up its west side.

Some day, and before many years are over, those beautiful hill-sides on the west side of the bay will be dotted with the bungalows of European settlers, and the land will be brought under varied cultivation. When we were there they were all clothed with virgin forest of giant trees, save where small patches had been cleared by the natives for their gardens. The hills on the west side of the bay are much loftier than those on the east, and as we steamed along the shore we saw from time to time the silvery gleam of some splendid waterfalls among the deep green of the forest. The shores of the bay are densely populated, the people employing themselves in fishing or in collecting india-rubber for the traders.

Our destination was Waga Waga, a village about half-way up the west shore. When we arrived within two or three miles of it, we saw canoes coming swiftly down from the head of the

bay, and others shooting out from the shore. They all assembled, and then came out to meet us. There were eighteen of them, and all were large war canoes, from forty to fifty feet long, manned by sixteen to twenty paddlers, besides those who were sitting at the bow and the stern. Every boat was beautifully decorated at each end with elaborately carved posts, from which were suspended strings of white shells and tufts of grass, etc. The men were got up in all their finery of war paint. Some had bright feathers stuck into their mops of hair. Many had long nose ornaments of bone thrust through the cartilage at the base of the nose, and looking like a very elaborately waxed white moustache. Some had their faces grotesquely painted in stripes or bars of black and white. They were a very wild-looking set and very much excited, but they had assembled to do us honour, and very effectively they did it. The whole of the canoes advanced in a line until they crossed the bow of the *John Williams*. Here they paused for a moment, and then, dividing into two companies, paddled swiftly down on each side of the ship and met again at the stern. Then they formed into two lines and waited for the ship's boat, in which we were to go ashore.

Our South Sea sailors entered into the excitement of the demonstration most thoroughly, and pulling their very best made our boat travel at a tremendous pace. The paddlers all yelled and shouted as they kept up with us, and we all shot into the little bay at Waga Waga in astonishing style. We found that Biga, the native teacher, was acting as Admiral of the fleet, and giving directions to all his flotilla. On his own canoe he had rigged up a flag with "L. M. S." in bold letters. We landed close to his house, which we found most profusely and tastefully

NEW GUINEA DANDIES AT WAGA WAGA.

decorated with variegated croton leaves and the flowers of the scarlet hybiscus. A pile of young cocoanuts was on the verandah for our refreshment, and proved most acceptable. Biga is one of the first set of students trained by Dr. Lawes at Port Moresby, and has turned out a hard-working and reliable man who seems to have acquired a great and wholesome influence among the wild

NATIVE TEACHER'S HOUSE, KILLERTON ISLAND.

people around him. There were only five at the time of our visit whose Christian faith and character were sufficiently tested to admit of their reception into the Church, but a large number seemed to be under Christian instruction. About four hundred assembled for a meeting under the shade of some fine trees in front of the teacher's house, some of them having come from the stations at the head of the bay. We gave those who could read an oppor-

tunity of showing their accomplishments, and each said a few words of thanks and of exhortation to those who had exerted themselves so much to give us a welcome. We had to be merciful in this respect, however, for even the excitement of our visit was not sufficient to overcome the drowsiness which overpowered many of our auditors after they had been quietly seated for a little while!

Killerton Island, about ten miles off on the opposite side of the bay, was our next place of call. This was one of the earliest homes of the Mission at the east end of New Guinea, and has been occupied long enough to have a little cluster of graves of South Sea teachers and their wives, who have died at their posts. It is now occupied by a Samoan of considerable ability, who has built himself a very good whale boat, and, at the time of our visit, was engaged in the erection of a new Mission-house, the walls of which were of concrete. The island is a small one, and is used for plantations. Most of the members of the congregation reside on the mainland, about half a mile away. The other Samoan teachers, and a large number of their people, met us at Killerton. We found that the teacher had erected a bower of poles and mats, beautifully decorated with croton leaves and flowers, and carpeted with mats, to shield us from the sun when the people assembled for a meeting. Being Samoans, the teachers of this district encouraged their people to carry out the South Sea practice of bringing presents to the visitors. We were quite unprepared for this kindness, so it took us completely by surprise. We returned to the vessel laden with curios—such as arm shells, necklaces, native spatulas for lime, and stone axe-heads. In addition, the people loaded our boat with bananas, yams, and other native food. The chief of Killerton Island is himself a teacher, and has charge of one of the stations at the head of Milne Bay; and the

people all round the bay are now more or less under Christian influence, though only a small number have as yet given evidence of change of heart and life.

NATIVE CANOE, WITH TEACHER, SUAU.

We spent a couple of hours at Killerton, then bade our friends farewell, and steamed off to Samarai again, it being absolutely necessary that we should get through China Straits by daylight,

because there are no lighthouses or beacons or buoys as yet on that coast.

Next morning we were to start early again on our way to the west, to get to Mr. Schlencker's station in Fife Bay in the afternoon. Alas! when morning came we found a change of weather. On a railway journey the weather only effects the comfort of the passenger. As long as the train keeps to the rails, it can go on just as well in rain as in sunshine; but it is not quite so easy for a steamer to go ahead in narrow waters, with many islands and rocks, and no beacons, unless the weather is clear enough to see the course. We awoke to find the mountains all hidden by clouds, and a thick mist of rain on the islands and the sea. Our good friend, Captain Hore, was troubled. He had his beloved ship to think of, and he had to consider the safety and comfort of the deputation. What was to be done? We held a council of war about 6 a.m., and decided to move on, in the hope that the weather might improve. Alas! it was a vain hope. We crawled on, and passed the north side of Kwato without seeing more than a hazy outline of the island. After we had steamed about five miles the mist became so dense that the captain decided to anchor. We waited four hours at anchor, and then were able to crawl on again, because the weather improved somewhat. At last, about 3.30 p.m., when we were only about twelve miles from our destination, and were passing the end of Suau Island, we came to the conclusion that we had better anchor for the night.

Suau, or Stacey Island, was for several years in the early days of the Mission the only station in the eastern part of New Guinea. Here Mr. Chalmers settled at the end of 1877; and here his brave wife, the first Mrs. Chalmers, endured weeks at a time of solitary life among people who, at that time, were notorious and treacherous

savages, while her husband was pursuing his missionary explorations, and trying to settle teachers at various points on the coast. After some months her health entirely broke down, and she had to be taken to Sydney, where she died on February 20th, 1879. The last European missionary who lived at Suau was Mr. Walker, who went there in 1889, and removed to Kwato in 1891. The island is not large, and has not many inhabitants; but it is close to the mainland, and there are many villages with a large population in the near neighbourhood, which can be easily reached by the teacher.

As soon as the steamer was seen rounding the point into the bay between the island and the shore, there was evident excitement at the station. Presently a small canoe came off, with five people in it, and paddled out in a drenching shower. When the rain ceased we entered our own boat and went shorewards. Greetings were shouted between boat and canoe, which were quite unintelligible to either side, except the one word *John Williams*. As soon as they were sure it was the missionary ship, they paddled back as fast as they could to prepare for our coming. Then followed an interesting and provoking pantomime. New Guinea must have had a tower of Babel of its own, for the multiplicity of languages and dialects along the coast is most provoking. Unfortunately, the South Sea Island teachers come, some from the Loyalty Islands, some from Samoa, some from the Hervey Islands and Raiatea and Rurutu, some from Niué. None of them can speak English, and, of course, the missionaries who have been in the South Seas only know the language of those among whom they have been labouring. Consequently, sometimes it is exceedingly difficult for teachers and missionaries to have any communication

with each other. It was so in our case. Mr. Pearse's district begins only about sixty miles to the west of Suau; but the Keapara language is so unlike the Suau, that he could neither understand nor be understood by the people. To make matters worse, the teacher at Suau was a Niuean, while Mr. Pearse, when he was in the South Seas, laboured in Raiatea. Fortunately, Ikihere, the teacher, was a smart, capable fellow, and the languages of the Eastern Pacific are near enough to each other to allow of some communication with care. Mr. Pearse spoke Tahitian very slowly and carefully, Ikihere listened attentively and intelligently; his wife knew some Samoan, which Mr. King could speak; and thus, after a little while, we managed to get along, though in a round-about and halting fashion. Before we had been long on the island canoes began to arrive from the mainland, and soon we had the chapel crowded for a meeting. I spoke as simply as I could about the reasons for our visit, and what the Gospel could do. Mr. Pearse translated what I said as clearly as he could to Ikihere, and Ikihere rendered as much as he understood into the Suau language, for the benefit of the people!

The good folks had been looking out for us for some days, having somehow got the idea that we should probably spend the previous Sunday with them, and a large congregation had assembled on that day to meet us. It would have been a bitter disappointment if we had passed by out of sight on the other side of the island, as we certainly should have done had the day been fine. We were very glad afterwards that we had called, for we found that the people of Suau and the neighbouring villages had been for some time under discipline in the Mission. The little Church had been disbanded a couple of years before, on account of serious moral failings among

the members, and the teacher had been changed. There had since been a great improvement, and there was a desire among the people to be recognised afresh. If we had gone past them, it would have

THE MISSION HOUSE, ISULAILAI.

seemed as if we had done so to mark our continued disapproval, and they would have been greatly discouraged.

Among the benefits conferred upon New Guinea by missionaries is the introduction of new fruits, and improved varieties of fruits

already known. Improved cocoa-nuts and bananas have thus been provided, and bread-fruit trees have been introduced from the South Seas. Suau has a reputation for oranges, planted by Mr. Chalmers in the early days of the Mission, and now of exceptionally fine quality. When we returned to the ship we carried with us a large bag full of these oranges, together with a quantity of bananas, cocoa-nuts, and other food, and a number of interesting curios, all of which had been gathered in expectation that we would call.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and we were off betimes. By 8 a.m. we were at the entrance of Fife Bay, and as we steamed in we saw before us, coming from the opposite direction, the Government steamer *Merrie England*. She was on her way round to the north coast with the governor, Sir William MacGregor, on board. He had been on the look-out for the *John Williams* for a couple of days, and the bad weather of the previous day thus proved to have been a most providential means of hindering us. We now had an opportunity of serious talk, which we might not otherwise have had, and which was of great importance to us. Sir William has been a splendid governor for such a country, and has done a great work as an explorer, and also as a wise administrator. He was always planning and striving to promote the interests of the natives whom he had to govern. He was convinced that missionary work was one of the most effective means to improve the natives; so he had sought an interview with us to urge the Society to push on and open new work among the wild tribes on the Mai Kasa River, in the far west, and also in the interior of the country. A considerable part of the day was spent in Sir William's company; for after we had seen him on board the *Merrie*

England he followed us ashore, and had lunch at Mr. Schlencker's, and always he kept the important question before us, and urged us to plead with the friends of the Society to undertake the work without delay.

NEW CHURCH, ISULAILAI.

Mr. Schlencker's station is quite a new one. The old eastern, or Suau, district was far too extensive to be cared for from one centre as soon as the Mission began to take root among the people. It was, therefore, divided into two—Mr. Abel has charge of the

eastern half, and the remainder is entrusted to the care of Mr. Schlencker. His parish extends for about sixty miles along the coast, with the country at the back; and, so far as he can estimate, after visiting a very large number of villages, the population numbers fully 10,000. As we looked at the hills rising one behind the other, and realized that there were no roads and no means of land conveyance, and as we felt the sweltering heat, we thought we could form some idea of the magnitude of the task which a missionary in such a district undertakes. The ten native teachers, who are settled at various points on the coast, had come to meet us, Ikihere having accompanied us from Suau in the *John Williams*. We had a long talk with them about their work, learning something of their difficulties, their isolation and distance from help in time of need, their need of sympathy and instruction and stimulus. Then we united together in the Lord's Supper before we separated.

Fife Bay is a picturesque and beautiful harbour, bounded by fine hills and studded with islets, which are covered with trees and girdled with beaches of silver sand. The Mission-house is erected on a spur of the hills which projects out from the rest, near the head of the bay. The house is fully one hundred feet above the sea, and has a charming view right over the harbour. There is no native village near the Mission-house, and the only neighbours and companions the missionary has are the native teacher and his wife, who live at the foot of the hill, and the boys whom he has under training.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE KEREPUNU DISTRICT

THE district of which Kerepunu is the head station is the most advanced in the New Guinea Mission. It has more members in Church fellowship, more children in the schools, and a larger number of well-built places of worship, than any other district in the Mission, yet the people have had an unenviable notoriety in the past for treachery and ferocity. This is specially true of that portion of the district which lies to the east of Kerepunu. The people of Aroma have been responsible for several of the massacres of white men which have taken place along the coast in former years. The remembrance of these things gives special interest to a visit at the present time.

At the eastern end of the district is Marshall Lagoon, a large sheet of water with a river at the head, which was named by Messrs. Macfarlane and Lawes, when they discovered it in 1876, after Mr. Arthur Marshall, the chairman of the Southern Committee.

The *John Williams* came through the opening in the reef, and dropped us in the whale boat off Coutance Island, about twelve miles from Marshall Lagoon. It was our first experience of a coasting voyage in a boat, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. With

a fresh and favourable breeze our boat travelled fast, and after about two hours' sailing we came near to the very picturesque headland which forms the eastern extremity of Marshall Lagoon. Quickly sailing by the headland into the calm beyond, we landed

MARINE VILLAGE, BEREURBU.

first at Bererubu, a village on the left or western shore, interesting to us because it was utterly unlike anything we had yet seen, but so situated in the midst of swampy ground as to perpetually suggest fever. Two things especially struck us here. For the first time we saw a marine village; half the houses in Bererubu are

about 100 yards from the shore; they were also quite unlike the houses we had seen at the east end, being somewhat of the shape of an old-fashioned poke bonnet stuck up upon poles. Here, as elsewhere, the people are now building all their new houses on the shore, and the main street of the village consists of a row of large and well-built houses. The other feature of the place which struck us very forcibly was that all the male population, men as well as boys, went about absolutely naked, without even the scanty loin-cloth which is worn at the east end; the women and girls all wear the nogi, or native grass petticoat.

The teacher and his wife at Bererubu are New Guineans, who seem to be doing a very steady work amidst great difficulties; they have a nice little house, and a very fair chapel. We did not stay very long at Bererubu, because we had promised to go across to Kabeone, a much larger and finer village on the other side of the Lagoon, to have our mid-day meal with the teacher there. The Lagoon itself was very lively with the number of small canoes that were passing to and fro between the shores, all of them occupied by women, two or three in each, and all of them apparently carrying food or firewood. In some cases the food was piled up high.

Kabeone is a most picturesque little place, situated on two bluffs, with a little valley between. The church is in the valley, not far from the shore, and the teacher, Vavea, a South Sea Islander from Rarotonga, has built himself a capital house, and has planted a good garden round it. Vavea and his wife placed all the resources of their establishment at our disposal, and were most eager to make us comfortable. We had taken our provision box on shore with us, but were dependent upon them for

cutlery and crockery. They certainly managed very well. After lunching we went off to the church, to examine the schools, and to have a talk to the people. The gathering was an interesting one, on account of the variety in the ages of the pupils; some certainly were children, others must have been considerably past the age described by that term. It is not easy to get the scholars to attend regularly in these out-station schools. They have no reason for learning anything unless it be that they may be able to read the Scriptures. They have as yet no reading-book except one of the Gospels, and a small collection of hymns. To those who are really in earnest in their desire to know something of the teaching of Christ the opportunity of learning to read His word is of course attractive and precious, but to those who have no spiritual interests there can be very little real attraction in the school. The attendance of Vavea's scholars varied from seventy to one hundred and twenty. Fortunately, there is no inspector, and the time-table is a very limited one; a couple of hours a day more than represents all the time that scholars can be induced to give to such a serious undertaking as learning to read. Mr. Pearse has devised a system of competitive examinations in recitation and singing, as well as reading, which serves the purpose of stimulating the schools to work, and is the cause of great excitement and rivalry amongst them. The honour of taking the first place in this annual competition is greatly prized.

There were about seventy present at the Kabeone school on the occasion of our visit, of whom sixteen could read the Testament. The reading class can also write copies on slates. After we had examined the school and talked to the people, we entered our boat again about 4.30 p.m., and set off to sea, as

we had ten miles to sail before we reached the place where it had been arranged that we should stay the night. Fortunately, the wind continued fair, though light, so we slipped pleasantly

AT KABEONE, KEREPUNU DISTRICT.

along, and reached Maopa, in the Aroma district, about 6.20 p.m. The landing at this place was somewhat exciting, for it was through the surf on to a pebbly beach. Our men managed the heavy boat splendidly, and ran us in with scarcely a splash. As

soon as the boat got near enough to touch ground, the native teacher, Taputu, rushed into the water, with a number of his people, laid hold of her, and dragged her up the beach; then we walked up to the teacher's house, and made ourselves very much at home. It was quite dark by the time we got to the house, and we watched from the verandah with no small interest the operations of a lively company who were gathered round an enormous fire in the teacher's compound, on which supper was being cooked for the English guests. Supper over, Taputu and his wife and family, and a number of people who seemed to live with him, partly as learners and partly as servers, came in to prayers. The visitors sat at a small table, with a candle to enlighten them; the whole of the others sat on the floor and read by the light of a single hurricane lamp, which was put down on the floor in their midst. By the time prayers were over we found it difficult to keep awake, after the long day in the sunshine and the varied excitement of our experiences.

Next morning we visited Taputu's church shortly after 6 a.m. The village of Maopa is the largest in the district, and one of the largest on the coast, and has about 1,600 inhabitants; the church is proportionately large, and glories in a wonderful gallery round three sides. I was thankful that my lot in life did not condemn me to sit in that gallery; but it seemed to suit the people of Maopa, so, I suppose, no one else need grumble. Taputu's scholars were gathered for examination, and were waiting for us at the church. He has a large school; and as soon as we had examined them, we found that the portion of the school at Paramana who could read had come over to us with their teacher, Geno; so, of course, we had to encourage them by testing their progress. From

Maopa we walked a mile to Gaivokara, where we were to have breakfast in the teacher's house. The teacher, Aimana, has two villages to care for, and has built himself a very good house. The scholars from two other schools joined those of Gaivokara for the serious business of the examination, and acquitted themselves very well, though, of course, it was all very elementary. After examina-

STREET IN MAOPA.

tion came breakfast, and after breakfast we walked along the beach a mile and a half to Beregai, where we rejoined our boat, to complete our journey to Kerepunu. Unfortunately, the wind of the previous day had died away altogether; the sun blazed out with fierce heat, and the tide was against us; consequently we made very slow progress, and finally stuck in the shallows half a mile or more from the shore. This happened more than once,

when the boat's crew had to jump overboard and haul the boat along over the sharp coral rock which formed the bottom. Finally, about a mile from our destination, the heavy ship's boat could go no further, and it looked as if we should be compelled ignominiously to wait for some hours, until the tide turned and gave us water enough to float in. A thoughtful teacher, however, spied the boat from afar, and put off in a canoe which was big enough to take the party of four, and in which he conveyed us safely to the landing-place at Kerepunu, where we found a great gathering of teachers, students, wives, and natives of the place on the beach, waiting to shake hands and welcome us to the head station. Mr. Pearse had been travelling with us for the purpose of introducing us to the Churches of his district. Our kind and hospitable friend, Mrs. Pearse, was at the gate of the Mission compound, and we soon found ourselves settled down under her care.

Kerepunu interested us greatly, though it is far from being an ideal place in beauty or attractiveness. The Mission premises are situated on a point of land which affords very little space, and two large villages in the rear prevent any chance of extending their boundaries. There is scarcely room for a small garden, and the soil is so sandy and poor, that it is not easy to get anything to grow. The supply of water is very scanty and very brackish, so that the Mission household have to depend upon rain water collected in tanks. Moreover, the sea seems to be gradually encroaching and eating up the scanty land belonging to the Mission. Yet notwithstanding all these disadvantages the station is one of the busiest and most successful centres of work in New Guinea. Mr. Pearse has a number of boys and girls boarding with a native teacher close by, whose education has to be superintended. He has thirteen or fourteen married

students, who are in training as teachers and evangelists. He has a printing press which seems to be the amusement of the spare hours of his very busy life, and which he makes most useful in printing lesson sheets and books in the Keapara language, and he has to act as doctor for his people, and keeps a stock of medicines. There are

FISHERMEN'S VILLAGE, KEREPUNU.

three places of worship very near, in three villages which are so close together as to be practically united. One of these is the largest and best finished church in New Guinea, a place which cost a ridiculously small sum, because the students and the people of the place worked so hard and so cheerfully during its erection.

Heathenism is by no means dead at Kerepunu, and the old

sorcerer whom we went to see when we were walking round the villages still has considerable influence. His power is declining as knowledge spreads among the people. Meanwhile he regards the missionary with no great favour as a rival medicine man who has greater power than he has. The old man's face was one whose evil expression of cunning could not easily be forgotten, and his house was surrounded by a most unattractive and unsavoury collection of the skulls of sharks and dogs and pigs, stuck upon poles or ornamenting the walls.

We spent a very busy and a very pleasant Sunday at Kerepunu, beginning at an hour which would startle our friends in England. Services are held soon after sunrise in each of the three chapels. We went to the fishermen's village about 6.30 a.m. for the first service. It says a great deal for the influence of Mr. Pearse that the heathen people have given up fishing on Sunday.

The fishermen go out every day about sunset and stay out all night. Of course after they get home in the morning they sleep most of the day. It has now become the general rule in the village not to go out on Saturday evening. When we passed through early on Sunday morning, the nets were hanging up on poles in front of every house, and many of the men, having had a night's rest, came to the service.

Our next meeting was in the large new church. It was quite full, large numbers of heathen as well as Christians being present. The service was conducted entirely by natives, the sermon being preached by Tau, Mr. Pearse's earnest and able helper. They were going through the life of Christ with the aid of a series of large wall pictures issued by the Sunday School Union. The subject for the day was the crucifixion, and Tau, standing in front of the pulpit with

the picture hanging up behind him, gave an animated address pointing as he went on to various parts of the picture. After which he questioned the people upon what he had been telling them. The brightest part of the service was the recitation of the Apostles' Creed by the students and the children of the three schools, in alternation, each sentence being intoned in a most creditable manner. When it

NATIVE TEACHERS, KEREPUNU.

was finished all joined in repeating the Lord's prayer. After the general service was over, the members of the Church gathered for the Lord's Supper.

We had other services and meetings to attend after this, the most interesting of which was held in the open air at night. We went about 7 p.m. to Tau's house, where we found seats placed for us on the verandah, and a gathering of fully 200 people seated on the

ground in front, one large lantern hung from the verandah sufficing to show us their faces. The meeting was conducted entirely by one of the native teachers, and was very bright from beginning to end. They sung several hymns in parts and antiphonally as they had done at the morning service. Two or three offered prayer, and two speeches were made expressing their welcome to us.

On the following day we had to start again under the guidance of Mr. Pearse to see some of the stations in the western half of his district. We left at 2 p.m. in his boat for a sail of seven miles to Kalo.

CHAPTER V

AT KALO AND HULA

THE Kemp-Welch River, near to the mouth of which Kalo is situated, is a fine stream, which has a long course among the hills, and apparently has its source not far from Mount Douglas, which we want all the friends of the Society to know as the site of the proposed first advance into the interior. Kalo is not actually on the river, but on a creek on the west side of it. We found the river coming down in strong current, and apparently in flood, as the result of recent rains; but our *John Williams* crew pulled the ship's boat across the bar and up stream without much difficulty. We soon turned out of the current into the sluggish waters of the creek, and thought of malarial fever and other evil things as the boat was poled up its narrow and almost stagnant waters, amidst a dense undergrowth of vegetation, to the furthest point to which she could be got, and where we landed on the slime of a bank of clay. A considerable clearing was being made at the point where we got ashore, and we had no difficulty in making our way along the bank to the spot which has given Kalo an unenviable notoriety in the history of the New Guinea Mission. As we stood listening to Mr. Pearse's description of the locality and the scene, and trying to imagine it, a number of native women

came across, laden with food, which they had been to their gardens to fetch; and we learned that the village was almost deserted at present on account of the preparations for the great annual heathen feast.

The village is a large one, having 190 houses and a population of more than a thousand. The houses were certainly among the largest and finest we saw in New Guinea. They were not like the huge communal places we saw on Kiwai Island, each of which was the home of a whole village, but were what might be described as good family houses, furnishing accommodation for a large family. They were raised above the ground, on very substantial posts, to a most unusual height. The platforms of many were fully fifteen feet from the ground, and the house rose fifteen or twenty feet above that. As the space between the posts was quite open, this gave them a very peculiar appearance. Some were very long and broad, as well as high. One, which we had the curiosity to pace, was fully ninety feet long. There is a resident native teacher and a church. The teacher seemed a capable young fellow, but the condition of the church building bore out his statement that the people of Kalo were not nearly so responsive to Christian teaching as those in many other places. The indications of preparation for the approaching feast were unmistakable in the enormous piles of native food heaped up or hung up on posts in front of the houses of the sorcerer and the chief. The native idea of a feast is evidently "plenty to eat, and eat until it is finished." The neighbouring villages come to share in the festivity, and then return the compliment by following the good example. So many were away at their plantations, that even the crowd of children which usually followed us merrily was strangely absent. Under

such conditions it did not seem advisable to stay very long, so, after spending half an hour with the native teacher at his house, we moved on to a small village, named Kamali, where we were to stay at the teacher's house for the night.

CHIEF'S HOUSE AT KALO.

There is no twilight in New Guinea, so that travelling has to be finished by sunset—*i.e.*, about 6 p.m. Late as it was, it was intensely hot, and though we were walking parallel with the coast, we were completely shut off from the sea-breeze by the native gardens and the dense fringe of high trees beyond them. Moreover, as we went along

the native path, through long grass or among the trees, we stirred up all the mosquitoes in the district, and soon were tormented past endurance by their fierce and ceaseless attack. Notwithstanding this we thoroughly enjoyed the walk, on account of its novelty. The vegetation in some parts was rank in its luxuriance, in other parts one might have imagined oneself looking upon some fair scene in a park in England or Scotland. The flowers on the trees and climbing plants were many-hued and lovely, and numberless cockatoos, parrots, paroquets, bee-eaters, and other birds of brilliant plumage, flitted about.

The teacher at Kamali was a Rarotongan named Lutera. His house is fortunately about half a mile from the native village, and is surrounded by a good garden. He is a man of taste, and has planted in the garden round his house a number of lovely crotons, whose richly-coloured and variegated foliage forms a most striking and effective ornament of the place. Many of the wooden houses erected by and for the teachers startle the visitor at first by their size and surroundings, but they are, after all, very simple and inexpensive places, and it is pleasant to find the path from the gate to the door well kept and pretty shrubs, such as the croton and the hibiscus, planted for the sake of ornament. Nearly all the houses are on one plan—an oblong single-storied building, sometimes entirely surrounded with a verandah, at other times having a verandah at the back and front. Two-thirds of the interior is given up to one large room, the other third is divided into two rooms, each of which opens into the large one. The large room is the place of reception, and is often used for a day-school. The greater part of the room is entirely destitute of furniture. At the end nearest the smaller rooms there are, probably, a table and a

couple of home-made sofas or settees, over which are thrown the pride of the house, cotton patchwork quilts of startling designs in turkey red and white. The two smaller rooms each contain a large fourpost bedstead, also home-made, completely covered with white net mosquito curtains. Wire-woven spring mattresses are as yet unknown luxuries. Their places are taken by native mats, laid over a netting of cocoanut fibre cord, which in that climate make a cool and suitable bed. These beds are kept for the entertainment of visitors, the family usually sleeping on the verandah or in the small cook-house at the back. I have referred before to the hospitable spirit of the native teachers. Lutera was no exception to the rule, and he and his good wife exerted themselves to the utmost to make us comfortable.

It must be hard work for some of these teachers to keep steadily on at their posts. This good man has to labour in a village which is strongly heathen, and which is not helped to be less heathen or more serious by the fact that it contains the house and the native wife of an Englishman, who is said to have similar domestic establishments elsewhere. There are *six* Christians in the village, and Lutera has about twenty children in his little school. After our evening meal these children came in with the teacher, and we heard them read and had worship with them. Then we retired, eager for rest, but, alas, not to sleep. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the annual feast was on in the neighbouring village; the temptation to have a dance was too great to be resisted by the gay folk. They did not invite the strangers to join them, which was perhaps fortunate, as we had not our dress clothes with us. But we heard the band as well as if it had been next door. Never before had I any idea of the marvellous power of the New Guinea

drum. If it had half the effect upon the dancers which it had upon me, it must have been invaluable as a stimulant to exertion. The dreary tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum, kept steadily on all night. There did not seem to be even an interval for supper. The last time I looked at my watch it was 4.30 a.m., and the tum-tuming was still going on.

We left Kamali soon after 6.30 a.m., as we had about three and a half miles further to walk to Hula, and we wished to get there before the heat became too oppressive. On the way we had arranged to call upon another teacher, a young New Guinean, at the village of Papaka. We found him and his wife a bright, sensible-looking young couple, rejoicing in the luxury of a new house, which was not yet quite finished. The scholars in his little school, or so many of them as were not away at the gardens with their parents, preparing for the annual feast, assembled at the teacher's house, and we heard them read. They also intoned the Commandments, sang, and then repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then after a few words of encouragement, and joining in worship, we went on again to Hula. This was one of the earliest places chosen for the residence of a European missionary, and the Rev. T. Beswick settled there in 1879. When we saw the place we felt very sorry for our friend, Mr. Pearse, that the exigencies of the Mission work had made it advisable to remove the Kerepunu missionary from Hula, with its ample space, to his present cramped and crowded quarters.

Hula is a large and important village, the greater part built on piles, some distance from the shore. The present chief, Tenia, is a man of considerable force of character and a deacon of the Church. He is trusted by the New Guinea Government,

and holds office under them as a local magistrate or justice of the peace. The people are great fishers, and carry on a con-

HOUSES AT KALO.

siderable trade in turtle shell. They have erected a large and substantial place of worship, quite ecclesiastical in its lancet-shaped windows and its pulpit, and quite civilized in its boarded

floor. The native teacher, Itama, is a Rarotongan, and is one of the strong men of the Kerepunu district. He is a man of fine physique, and of more than the average energy and ability, who is evidently exerting a strong and useful influence. We arrived at 8.45 a.m., and received a very hearty welcome from Itama and the chief, who, with pardonable pride, took us to see their handsome new church before we reached the Mission-house. After we had washed, and while we were waiting, with such patience as an early start and a healthy appetite would permit, for our breakfast, we heard the sound of singing, and being summoned to the door, saw a long procession entering the gate of the Mission compound. There were the members of the Church and the children of the school coming to welcome the visitors. They were headed by their chief, and every one was carrying some small gift of food, a couple of yams, a few bananas, a cocoanut or two, or a stick of sugar cane. When they reached the house these gifts were all piled on the verandah for us, "that we might have a little food for our journey." Of course, we had to shake hands with each of the kind donors, big and little. Then the crowd managed to squeeze themselves into two sides of the broad verandah, squatting down as tightly as they could pack, and we were expected to examine the school. Fortunately, in New Guinea, as yet this does not require any serious mental exertion, the test of proficiency being simply the power to read the New Testament. Itama had 102 readers in his school, nearly all of whom were present. We heard each read a verse or two, and by dodging about, so that no one should know who was to read next, we were able to test them fairly well. With scarcely an exception they acquitted themselves very creditably. After the examination was over, the inevitable

speech-making followed, and the meeting ended with prayer. By this time each of the visitors had come separately to the mental conclusion that if his companions did not get something to eat they would faint. In pursuance of this kindly thought we all found ourselves moving with alacrity into the house. After breakfast Tenia and others brought us some curios, the good-byes were said, and we found our boat waiting to row us off to the *John Williams*, which was lying-to outside the reef, a couple of miles away.

CHAPTER VI

VATORATA

CHAPEL AT SAROA.

THE voyager along the coast of New Guinea between Port Moresby and the east end sees the buildings of Vatorata station shining from afar, a white block in the midst of a wide expanse of tropical verdure, which clothes the hills a little to the west of Round Head. The station is nearly two miles from the coast, perched on the top of a little hill about 200 feet high, which rises abruptly on the eastern side of a wide alluvial valley formed by a small river. Behind it are loftier hills, clothed to their summits with the deep green of giant forest trees, so that the Mission-house makes a splendid landmark. On our first visit we steamed through the opening in the reef opposite to Kapakapa shortly before 4 p.m. on April 13th, 1897. There is an awkward rock which has to be watched against inside the entrance, and which the Government, in its penuriousness or poverty, has

neglected to mark by any beacon. Dr. Lawes, with his usual thoughtfulness, had been mindful of the safety of the expected visitors, and had erected a pole on the rock, surmounted by a large biscuit tin, which gleamed in the sunshine, and on which was painted the word "Welcome."

We had scarcely dropped anchor when the Mission whale-boat was seen coming swiftly out from the shore. Dr. Lawes himself was in the stern, "clad in white samite," with a white helmet on his head, and his flowing beard rapidly approaching the whiteness of his linen. But though the beard was whitening, there was no sign of the old man in the ring of that musical voice, or the flash of that dark eye, or in the agility with which he mounted the ladder and bade us welcome to his domain. The native boat's crew were dressed in brown holland jumpers and trousers, bound with red braid, and looked as if they were proud of their boat and their missionary. As soon as greetings were over we went ashore with Dr. Lawes to Kapakapa. The village was formerly built on piles some distance from the land, but the greater part of it was destroyed by fire some time ago, and the people rebuilt their houses on shore, leaving the melancholy monument of the past state of insecurity in a forest of piles. The village is built on the west side of the stream which flows through the valley, which at the time of our visit was quiet and peaceable enough, but which had come down in tremendous flood only a few days before, leaving unmistakable traces in a ruined road and a heavy deposit of rubbish. Kapakapa is the starting-point of one of the best routes to the interior, and the Government have actually cut a track and made a rough road along the valley for several miles. The road passes through the

Mission property for a considerable distance, and it is very easy to discover the boundary by the increase in one's bodily comfort when driving. Dr. Lawes keeps a carriage! Tell it not in Gath, lest men should find fault with the growing luxury of missionary life, and withhold their subscriptions from the Society. The fact is, until lately everything had to be carried from the beach on men's heads or shoulders, but when the road was made, the possibility of using a wheeled vehicle began. Already in Port Moresby carts were being used, and an enterprising trader and planter to the west of Port Moresby had also introduced the use of a wheeled vehicle with considerable advantage. It seemed natural that when the College, which was to be the great centre of education, was established, it also should enjoy the advantages of such transit. So a modest wagonette and horse have been introduced, in which the Deputation were conveyed by the Reverend the Principal from the shore at Kapakapa to the foot of the hill whereon stands the Mission-house and the class-room. There we had to dismount and walk up.

The students' houses, and the house of the South Sea teacher who assists in their training, are ranged on either side of the road up the hill. Every student, being married, has a house to himself, consisting of two small rooms, one behind the other, and with a verandah in front. The houses cost the large sum of £5 each, and bear on a board in front a name chosen by the friends who have paid for them. The Mission-house is built of timber, with broad verandahs round three sides. On the steep slopes of the hill around, Dr. Lawes has planted orange, lemon, papaw, mango, and other useful trees, while oleanders, frangipani bushes, with their fragrant yellowish-white blossoms, and other flowering shrubs,

beautify the place. The view from the western verandah, especially in the early morning, was one not easily forgotten. The night clouds settle down as a white coverlet on all the valleys, leaving the hilltops quite clear until soon after sunrise. I stood outside

SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD, VATORATA.

my own door soon after dawn, and found myself in a great amphitheatre of hills rising tier beyond tier to far-off Mount Obree, nearly 11,000 feet high, the top of which had caught the early rays of the sun. While I watched, an unseen hand seemed to draw up gently

a sheet of vapour between each range, and before very long the distant mountains were entirely hidden in cloud.

We spent a delightful time with our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Lawes, and as we thought of all they had done and endured in the early days of pioneering and peril, we rejoiced that they were now settled in such surroundings, and with so important a work as is entrusted to their care. I say *their* care advisedly, for, though Mrs. Lawes does not take classes with the students, she is the life of the place. Her tireless energy, her overflowing kindness, and her frank outspokenness are invaluable for the students' wives, and for the awkward squad of very raw native boys and girls whom she has constantly about her, and whom she manages wonderfully to tame and train in useful ways. Dr. Lawes, when not busy with the students, seemed happiest in his study, where he was engaged in translating the Old Testament into Motuan.

Our first day at Vatorata was spent in going round the Mission plantations, and then in serious talk about the Mission work. The next day was a time of great excitement. We began early, as usual. The big bell rang at 6 a.m. to waken the establishment. Breakfast came at 8 o'clock. Then we had family worship in English, and at 9 a.m. I went to the schoolroom, and the students had to pass through the terrible ordeal of being examined by the Foreign Secretary. I had not learned until then what an awe-inspiring personage a very ordinary individual may become when robed in the garments of some mysterious and undefined dignity. The next two or three hours were probably the longest those young men had ever known. Fortunately, I, too, have bitten the end of a quill pen and gazed up at the ceiling of an examination room, looking for an inspiration which did not come; so I sympathised with them more than they

knew. The longest examination comes to an end at last. By 12 o'clock they were released for dinner. In the afternoon we devoted ourselves to the serious business of enjoyment. We were invited to come to the shady side of the verandah, and then we saw a procession marching up the hill, and as they drew near the house they broke into song. The procession was headed by the native assistant, and consisted of representatives from each of the stations of the district, bearing a gay banner hung on two poles, inscribed with its name and an appropriate motto. Rigo said, *Maino bava abia*, or "Be at peace." Saroa counselled, *Ba gouda balaheni*—"Be very strong." Kapakapa exhorted, *Diari in ba laka*—"Walk in the light." Then the students at Vatorata had their revenge on their torturer by inscribing on their banner, *Ba noho kuboukubou*, the meaning of which was completely beyond my depth. The songs of welcome evidently referred to us, for they contained frequent repetitions of such words as *Totiesi* (which, as every one knows, means Society), *Misi Kerosofile*, *Misi Kine*, and *Misi Tometone*. They brought us gifts, some native food, and a number of spears, clubs, stone axe-heads, and other curios, which they laid at our feet on the verandah. Then the leader of each party made a short speech, the burden of them all being that we had found their country at a very hungry time, on account of the long drought of the two previous years, consequently their gifts were very poor, and unworthy to be offered to us. Of course each of the visitors had to make a suitable speech in reply, the wings of our eloquence being sadly clipped by the necessities of translation. After this the people grouped themselves together in the blazing sunshine to be photographed, and then they dispersed.

The next morning we started on a visit to Saroa, at present

the most advanced settled outpost of the New Guinea Mission, and situated among the hills about seven miles from Vatorata. Mr. English, the Government sub-magistrate, who has charge of the district, kindly lent us three horses, and Dr. Lawes had his own, so we travelled in comfort. The boys who carried the provision box and a complete change of clothes for each of us went on foot before us. The first mile and a half was by the newly-made, or at least the newly-cut, Government road. Then we turned off on a native footpath, which took us through woods, and across streams, and up and down hills. It was a beautiful ride amidst a wealth of vegetation; some of the climbing plants, especially a rich orange passion flower, were very beautiful, and from time to time we had peeps through the trees of a wonderful panorama of mountains and valleys. We passed through the village of Gomori Dubu, simply calling at the house of the teacher there for a few minutes, and then went on to our destination. Feats of horsemanship, or even the exhilaration of a brisk canter, were out of the question. The narrow path required progress in Indian file, and the horses had too much respect for their own feet, among the rough stones and in the slippery places, to venture upon any trials of speed.

We reached Saroa at 9 a.m., just as the heat was beginning to be very oppressive, and a queer, unique place we found it to be. There is a bare, projecting ridge or outcrop of rock running along the crest of the hill, and standing from one to three feet above the ground. The people have chosen this as the line and crown of their village street. Doubtless in wet and muddy weather it is a great convenience to have such an elevated pavement to walk upon; but, on the whole, the level ground is a more comfortable place for locomotion. We were greatly pleased with the signs of progress

in Saroa. The chief and his wife are an intelligent, sensible couple, both of them Christians. They have built themselves a comfortable house, after the pattern of the native teacher's house, and the chief has actually made himself some remarkable chairs and a table. Two or three other people in the village are following the chief's

OUR WELCOME AT VATORATA.

example, among them being one of the four men whom Sir William MacGregor called his "saints." There was no teacher at Saroa at the time of our visit, but the chief's wife was carrying on the day-school, and doing it well. We were delighted with the school, and with the general evidence of progress in the village. This is

a stage on the way to the new station on Mount Douglas, which Sir William MacGregor has so earnestly pressed the Society to commence, and it is a very encouraging stage.

The day after our trip to Saroa we had to say "goodbye" to Dr. and Mrs. Lawes for a time. We paid them a second visit before we finally left New Guinea, but in the meantime we had much to see in other places, and not many days to spare for any. Port Moresby was the next place of call. The *John Williams* left Kapakapa at 8 a.m., and by 1 o'clock we were safely anchored in the harbour at Port Moresby, close to the European township on the east side of the bay. The Mission station and the native villages of Hanuabada, Tanubada, and Elivara are on the opposite side about a mile and a half distant. The Capital of British New Guinea may some day become a great city, stretching its busy streets along the hillsides which surround the harbour, and fringing the coast with the villas of its residents. At the time of our visits it consisted of about 30 houses, with a permanent population of less than 100 persons! The shore outside the bay was dotted with huts, and the little town was crowded with strangers when we were there, because reports of the discovery of gold far up on the shoulders of Mount Scratchley, 100 miles in the interior, had brought from Australia a crowd of miners all eager to have a share in the wealth which their excited fancy held up before them, and all prepared to undergo any amount of hardship and sacrifice to obtain the object of their desire. Poor fellows, their golden dreams proved sadly deceptive, while the fever and dysentery, the hunger and hardship of the journey proved too much for many of them.

We returned to Port Moresby after we had visited the stations in the west, and the story of our second visit will be more interesting than the first. Our next stoppage was at Delena.

CHAPTER VII

DELENA AND JOKEA

THE Mission-house at Delena is seen from afar as a white speck in the midst of the deep green of a lofty, tree-covered promontory, which forms the eastern side of the entrance to the Hall Sound. Yule Island, on which the Roman Catholics have the headquarters of their New Guinea Mission, forms the western side of the Sound. The New Guinea Government is poor, so poor that it cannot afford to erect beacons, either on the edge of the reefs, or as guiding marks on shore, for the convenience of vessels. The fact is, that with the exception of the Government steamer, *Merrie England*, and the *John Williams*, there is no sea-going vessel of any considerable size engaged in the navigation of the coast. The *John Williams* has, therefore, to take her chance of approaching the shore. If the weather is fine, there is no difficulty in recognising the opening in the reef, but if it is thick or stormy the attempt to pass through it, without any beacon to steer by, is decidedly risky, and after dark it is impossible. The knowledge of this caused us to lose a day of the time at our disposal for visiting Delena; for when we started from Port Moresby for the purpose one morning, the weather became so stormy that Captain Hore felt that it would not be safe to run

the risk of attempting to enter the passage in the reef at Hall Sound. So we remained at our anchorage until the next day. Fortunately, then the weather was bright, and we had no difficulty.

Mr. Dauncey believes in the gospel of hard manual work as a means of preserving health. He was the chief assistant in building his own house, and he has turned his attention since then to the ground around the house, with such effect that he has transformed it into a beautiful garden, fruitful and attractive. The Mission-house looks very pretty and picturesque as one approaches it from the beach, up a path bordered by hibiscus and other shrubs, gay with brilliant flowers, and to a verandah along which a very large-leafed variety of the grenadilla grows in rampant luxuriance, while a small but very beautiful variety of the *bougainvillea* and a handsome bignonia display a wealth of lovely bloom. Picturesque as the house looks in such surroundings, it is soon evident that it is by no means a palace. The timber of which it is constructed is already decaying rapidly under the influence of the climate. There are but three rooms and an open space in the centre, which forms a connection between the back and front verandahs, and which makes a cooler sitting-room than any other part of the house. Moreover, picturesqueness is not all that is wanted for comfort, and one hears uncomfortable stories of dangerous snakes which find their way in from a hill at the back, and are discovered on the tops of the doors; of poisonous centipedes which drop from the roof on the face of the sleeper, or which lurk in Mrs. Dauncey's work-basket. Pythons are not uncommon, and we are told of a hen which, shortly before our visit, was sitting on a nest of eggs in a large box behind the house, and one fine morning, no sound being heard from the box, it was discovered that a python had

entered and swallowed the hen during the night, and was curled up comfortably on the nest, sleeping off the effects of its meal.

Almost the only other houses at Delena are those of the native teacher, a South Sea islander from Rimatara, and fourteen cottages

NATIVE TEACHER'S HOUSE, MAIVA.

provided for the students whom Mr. Dauncey is training for work in the district. There were thirteen students in residence when we were there. One of the most interesting hours of our brief visit was spent in a meeting with these young men, and with the native teachers who are working under Mr. Dauncey's direction.

The Mission district, of which Delena is the centre, includes Kabadi, one of the earliest centres of work on the mainland of New Guinea, Naara, Maiva, and Kivori. We were very sorry not to be able to visit the group of Samoan teachers and stations in the Kabadi district, because the work is more advanced there than further west. Perhaps it was well for our personal comfort that we did not go to Kabadi, lest we should have been killed with kindness. We paid a short visit to the Maiva district, and got a hint there of the kind of hospitality we might have had to struggle through if we had visited the Samoans at Kabadi. We landed at Roraiva, in Maiva, immediately after breakfast, and found the neat house of the teacher close to the beach. At once the "loving cup" was presented in the shape of green cocoanuts. Those who only know the milk of the cocoanut from the indigestible delights of "three shies a penny" have not the faintest conception of what a green cocoanut is like. The panting traveller comes in on a broiling day and seats himself under the shade of the verandah. At once the friendly native husks a green nut, with the aid of a pointed stick, slices off the top with a knife, and presents the cup of clear, deliciously cool, slightly sweetened water. If half a lime is at hand and is squeezed in, then is the drink nectar, wonderfully refreshing, wholesome, and, of course, non-intoxicating. The Deputation to New Guinea and the South Seas kept no record of the number of cocoanuts they drank, but they were encouraged by the assurance of a very high official in New Guinea, that when travelling he regarded forty nuts a day as a fair allowance!

While we were enjoying our cocoanuts in the house of our friend Akaiakore, his good wife intimated that she expected us to stay until some slight refreshment was prepared for us. As our time

was very limited we were obliged to decline her kind offer, but promised that if we had time on our return to our boat we would gratefully accept her hospitality. We walked about a mile from this house to that of another teacher, and the same embarrassing kindness was pressed upon us. Again we temporised, as before, and went on our way. We then visited three villages, at the furthest of which we came to a third teacher's house. We returned to find that the wife of teacher number two had roasted the whole side of a young pig, and had cooked yams, taro, and bananas enough for a large company. In addition she had brewed a large pot of tea. There was no help for it, we had to sit down and have a light lunch. Fortunately, the requirements of politeness in such cases are met by asking your host kindly to send home for you the food you cannot consume on the premises. We therefore asked that this might be done, wondering all the time how we should manage at the next place. Surely enough we found a similar repast spread for us by Mrs. Akaiakore. A roast fowl took the place of the roast pig. This also had to be sent down to the boat, and our South Sea Island sailors made short work of it all when the provision baskets reached the *John Williams*.

The villages in Maiva are not large, because they are occupied only by single clans of people nearly related to each other. But there are a large number of villages within easy reach, connected by well-kept paths. The land around is occupied by the neatly-fenced and well-cultivated plantations of the natives. The houses differ from those further east. They are not much raised from the ground, apparently not more than three or four feet, and the thatched roof is brought right down over the poles which form the sides, until it almost touches the ground, giving them

the appearance of huge beehives. There is a raised platform in front of each house, sheltered by the overhanging roof, on which the members of the family seem to sit when they are at home. We were struck with the taste of the people in planting crotons and other ornamental shrubs in front of their houses.

The work in the Maiva district is still in a very elementary stage. Most of the people are still heathen, and are only beginning to learn something of the elementary truths of Christianity. Unfortunately, Maiva is one of the districts in which the Roman Catholics are making a very determined effort to gain a footing. The teachers naïvely submitted to us the question of the expediency of following something like the plan which they said was adopted by the Roman Catholic priests. According to their description, it was the practice of the priest to go through the village on Sunday morning with a basket containing a supply of tobacco. He promised a piece of tobacco to every man who attended service, and, in consequence, his ministrations were greatly esteemed by a considerable number of the heathen. Our good friends felt that they could not adequately contend against such competition as this unless we could see our way to provide them with similar means of tempting the people to their services! I need scarcely say that we did not accede to the request.

Unfortunately, our visit was not expected, so that most of the people were away at their plantations, and we had no opportunity of gathering them for any kind of meeting. Those we saw impressed us as finely-built and rather attractive looking, and certainly their surroundings show that they are not lacking in capacity.

While we were at Delena we paid a visit to Yule Island, for, though the rivalry between the two Missions is great, and their

NEW GUINEA MOTHERS.

views and methods are utterly dissimilar, we were pleased to find that a spirit of personal friendliness prevailed on both sides. The establishment on Yule Island rejoiced in the possession of cows. Mrs. Dauncey being in very indifferent health, they were in the habit of sending over bottles of fresh milk for her use almost every day, and occasionally friendly visits were exchanged. Archbishop Navarre, the head of the Mission, gave us a very hearty welcome, and pressed us to remain and share the hospitality of the Fathers at their mid-day meal. This, unfortunately, we were unable to do. They took us over their whole establishment, and very freely answered questions about their work. The Mission consists of upwards of sixty priests and nuns, a large number of whom are on the mainland, but come back to Yule Island as their headquarters and for change. We were sorry to learn that sickness and death were very busy among them. I confess I was much disappointed by the general aspect of the Mission. As a rule, Roman Catholic mission stations are conspicuous examples of attention to the physical surroundings of life, on a very plain but substantial scale, and usually there are large schools and orphanages at headquarters for children of both sexes. We found that at Yule Island the common characteristics of such Roman Catholic stations as I have seen elsewhere were conspicuously absent. There is a good deal of plant for various useful purposes, such as a printing press, steam saw mill, blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools, etc.; but there was an air of untidiness and neglect which was remarkable. The house of the Sisters was the only part of the establishment which did not bear this stamp. Everything in it was conspicuously neat and attractive looking, and the ladies whom we saw gave the impression of being cultured and

refined and devoted religious women. There is no school on the island, and apparently they have no schools at their out-stations. The attempt is being made at Thursday Island to train a few native youths as priests; but the Fathers frankly confessed that, with the present ideas of the New Guineans, it was almost hopeless to expect any of them to adopt a celibate life and remain pure. I came away from the island feeling sad that between us and men and women apparently so truly kind and devoted and simple-minded, calling upon the name of the same Lord, and labouring for the extension of His Kingdom, there should be so little in common, and so much to separate us from each other.

Our visit to Jokea is one of the pleasantest among our many pleasant remembrances of New Guinea. Our only regret was that we could not, under the guidance of Mr. Holmes, visit Orokolo as well as Jokea, so as to see more of a district which has been so closely associated with some of Mr. Chalmers' most exciting experiences, and in which heathenism and barbarism are still so strongly rooted.

We were very fortunate in the weather. Very often during the S.E. monsoon it is almost impossible for vessels to venture into the shallow waters of the Gulf of Papua, because the wind blows right in and brings with it a tremendously heavy sea. Even if the steamer could have risked it, there would have been no chance of landing on account of the surf. "Deputation weather," however, became a sad joke with some of our kind friends, who playfully said it was not at all fair that we should entirely escape the discomforts and the perils to which they were constantly exposed! The short passage from Maiva was accomplished rapidly on a beautifully fine afternoon, and we anchored off the station about 5 p.m. Then Mr. Holmes

came on board to welcome us, and we discovered what a serious matter the arrival of a Deputation might be at a lonely station. Mr. Holmes was a solitary bachelor, whose house was cared for by a South Sea Island teacher's wife. When we arrived she and her husband were both suffering from fever, and Mr. Holmes himself

NATIVE HOUSES, JOKEA.

was looking far from well, and had two very painful boils. Moreover, he was short of stores, which the *John Williams* was bringing to him. Just at this critical time the "Deputation" turned up, one from Australia, another, the Secretary of the Society, and the third an unknown gentleman of whom the young missionary only knew that he was a prominent layman in Congregational circles, who had

also been a Member of Parliament, and who would probably, therefore, have to be entertained in some special fashion! The difficulty, if there was one, was soon solved. We persuaded our host to remain on board with us that night. Next morning we landed, and, thanks to the constant care of Amy, the wife of the Mangaian missionary Tuka, we had as comfortable and happy a time in Mr. Holmes' bachelor quarters as any three men could have desired. I suspect Mr. Holmes would now welcome open-armed any number of prominent laymen or Members of Parliament of the same type as my kind and generous companion in travel.

The Mission land skirts the beach, and the house is very near the shore, but we had to land nearly a mile away, because the shore was better. A crowd gathered on the beach to welcome the visitors, among whom were some dandies of a type almost new to us, though we had seen one or two at Maiva the day before. They were men with broad bark belts laced tightly round their waists. These belts were fully eight inches broad, some were broader; they were very hard and unyielding, and they were worn so tight that in some cases the flesh actually hung over the top of them in a thick fold! They looked very uncomfortable, and cannot be healthy, but it was the fashion, and was endured with all the grace of those who feel they have a reputation to maintain. These waistbelts were not the only ornaments of the dandies: they gave great attention to dressing their hair, which was decorated with flowers of the scarlet hibiscus; they had a band of small shell beads tied tightly across the forehead, and, like the women, they had large crescent-shaped pearl shell ornaments suspended round their necks. We found on the following morning at the service that the men were not alone in the effort to live up to the fashions. I saw in the audience of fully

200, which crowded the chapel, several girls whose shoulders were shining most remarkably. It turned out that they had recently been betrothed, and that the custom in those parts was for young ladies to let the world know of their engagement, not by wearing a handsome ring on the engagement finger, but by smearing head and shoulders and breast with a decoction of red ochre and oil!

MISSION-HOUSE, JOKEA.

As we walked to the Mission-house, we passed the first native burying-place we had seen. It was a small enclosure, by the roadside, with several miniature huts erected in the middle, close to each other. These huts seemed to be placed over the graves.

The Mission-house is hidden from the sea by a grove of cocoanut palms, of which there are upwards of 1,300 on the Mission land. Hundreds of banana trees have been planted, which form beautiful

avenues of singularly delicate green. The soil is good, and produces abundantly taro, sweet potatoes, manioc, and also what to us was more attractive than anything else, the finest and most delicious pineapples we saw anywhere. This may sound luxurious; avenues of bananas and an exhaustless supply of the finest pineapples may suggest that the missionary and his people must have an uncommonly pleasant and comfortable life; but it must be remembered that bananas are one of the staple and most valuable articles of food, and that the pineapples grow like weeds. Delicious as they are, they are a poor substitute for a good slice of roast beef or Welsh mutton. The missionary who can place pineapples on the table at every meal never sees fresh meat from year's end to year's end. He has fowls, but who that has feasted on the bags of skin and bone called fowls in the tropics, does not loathe the sight of them after a short time. Up in Shetland the fowls feed so largely on fish refuse and sea-weed, that eggs and flesh are strongly impregnated with a fishy taste; in New Guinea it is difficult to understand what they feed upon, and they have no taste at all.

We were delighted to find that the Mission land was so productive, for it meant food for the large household on the Mission premises. In addition to Mr. Holmes and the native teacher and his wife, there were ten married students being prepared for Christian service in the district, there were a number of boys, who were being taught and kept under Christian influence, and there was a large guest-house for the benefit of the teachers in the district when they come to the head station to see their missionary. Mr. Holmes also encourages the people from distant villages, who know very little of Christianity, to come and see him. They come in parties, and camp on the Mission ground, bringing some food with them; but of course

BANANA PLANTATION, JOKEA.

it is necessary to show them hospitality. All the food grown on the land is thus fully utilized.

We inspected the place on the Saturday, and had long and intensely interesting conversations with Mr. Holmes about his work and his travels, and about the conditions and needs of the district. The romance of missions is by no means gone yet in Jokea, if by romance is meant the labour of a pioneer among warlike, intensely suspicious and superstitious tribes. Some of them are head hunters and cannibals, who, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Government, indulge in their loathsome feasts whenever they can find an opportunity of doing so. Blood feuds and fierce fights between the tribes are very common, and the people of Namau especially seem to have gained a most unenviable notoriety for treachery and ferocity. The position of the pioneer missionary among such tribes is often perilous, and always very exciting. He has to go by canoe, accompanied only by a crew of native boys, who are so afraid of the work that they are ready to run away at the first alarm. Every mile they go up strange creeks and rivers is a mile further away from any rescue or help. They put themselves into the power of the tribe they visit. The peril of crocodile-haunted waters, the peril of the fever-haunted swamps and jungle, and the peril of the fierce heathen, combine day by day to make the life one of ceaseless anxiety. Mr. Chalmers has given graphic descriptions of his earlier experience in this very region, and Mr. Holmes has a very similar tale to tell. With it, however, comes evidence of the gracious care of God, and of wonderful experiences of His help and blessing which make the heart glad.

We attended the weekly sermon class soon after our arrival. One of the students, named Latoro, gave a brief address on Mark ii. 6,

which was then commented on by the others, Mr. Holmes asking questions of each in turn. The soporific effects of listening to sermons are well known. When the sermon is delivered in an unknown tongue, in a room in the tropics, during the heat of the day, these effects are apt to become unmistakably evident. One of the students afterwards most innocently described a member of the Deputation to Mr. Holmes, as the gentleman who slept!

The day was closed by the assembly of all the residents on the premises at 5.30 for evening prayer. Mr. Holmes conducted the service, read a portion of St. Mark's gospel from his own manuscript translation in the Toaripi language, and was listened to with evident attention and interest as he explained the scriptures.

At daybreak on Sunday morning, about 5.30 a.m., a bell was rung to wake up the community. Morning prayer was conducted in the schoolroom at half-past six, at which all were expected to be present. After breakfast every morning, a brief prayer meeting is conducted by a native teacher, at which God's blessing is asked on the work and the workers in the district. On Sunday morning this becomes a missionary prayer meeting, in which their thoughts and interest are turned to other parts of the world.

Before we went off to the morning service, which is held in the chapel on the outskirts of Jokea village, the students and schoolboys all assembled in front of the house, drawn up in line. Tuka called them to "attention," then to "stand at ease," then a brief prayer was offered. Once more they were called to attention, and then marched off in orderly procession. The chapel had recently been doubled in size, to accommodate the increasing numbers who

were coming to the services. The station was only three years old, and the people were still very ignorant. None of them could read, and there were not as yet any books. There were many indications in the appearance of the congregation that they were still in a very uncivilized condition: the singing was primitive,

STUDENTS' HOUSES, JOKEA.

the orderliness and devoutness of a people accustomed to worship were lacking. But the place was quite full, and the village people evidently joined with great heartiness and great sincerity in the simple service. A second service was held in the afternoon, which was equally well attended. At its close, the three visitors, instead

of returning to the Mission-house, went on board the *John Williams*, where we had our usual service with the ship's company in the evening.

Next morning before breakfast Mr. Holmes came on board with our hand bags, and accompanied us to Torres Straits.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FLY RIVER AND THE ISLANDS

WE reached Daru Island, the western limit of our New Guinea trip in the *John Williams*, in the afternoon of Tuesday, April 27th. Daru is the seat of the magistracy for the western district of British New Guinea, but is a very small and not very attractive-looking place. The *Niué* had arrived a couple of hours before us, with a note of welcome from Mr. Chalmers, and we at once arranged to return in her to Saguane. Punctually at 4 a.m. the next day the ship's boat took us to the schooner, the party being Mr. Crosfield, Mr. King, Mr. Holmes, of Jokea, and myself. The object of making so early a start was to enable us to reach Neva Pass before the tide was out, and thus to reach Saguane, forty miles away, that afternoon or evening. The first stage was a beat of nine miles to windward in the darkness of the early morning. Alas! the wind was not steady, and the tide did not help us. We took more time than had been calculated, touched ground once or twice in the darkness, and finally, when we were about half a mile from the bar, ran effectually into the mud, and were stranded about 11 a.m. There we had to wait all day, in the midst of extensive mud flats barely covered with water, until the tide had turned and risen again sufficiently to float us.

This happened at 5.30 p.m., when we managed to cross the bar and get into the deep-water channel between Bampton Island and the mainland. The *Niué* is a snug little craft of fifteen tons, well adapted for the work for which she is required, and a very good sea-boat. We had a crew of four, consisting of Captain "Bob" (Sidaraka), an Aitutakian, who was for a long time on the *John Williams*, and who is a thoroughly skilful sailor; Louis, the mate, a Samoan, who speaks English and is also a smart seaman; and two New Guinea boys. We also had with us Maru and his wife, the native teacher from Saguane, who had been sent by Mr. Chalmers to look after our comfort.

When we had crossed the bar into the channel, we were entirely sheltered from the wind by Bampton Island, and crawled lazily along in the weird stillness of a calm, starlit night, taking nearly eight hours to do four miles. It was a night to be remembered for many reasons. We drifted along in the midst of a channel about half a mile wide, between two low shores densely covered with mangrove trees. There was not a sign of human habitation, not even the glimmer of a fire. Even the cicadæ, the frogs, and the other creatures that make night in the tropics vocal with strange noises, seemed to be silent, or we were too far away to hear them. The only sound that broke the stillness was the splash made by fish leaping out of the water.

In the quiet starlight we sat on deck, and talked and sang with a sense of freedom and enjoyment peculiar to such a time. But our pleasure was soon disturbed by a fierce attack from the shore. From all the mangrove swamps the savages mustered in thousands, and swarmed on board with a determination which would take no refusal. We resisted with might and main, and as

vigorously as we could, but in vain; and at length we were compelled to beat a retreat to the cabin, where we rigged up, as well as we could, some nets, which were fortunately in our baggage. Only when we had crawled into their friendly protection were we

THE OLD MISSION-HOUSE, SAGUANE.

able at length to set at defiance the fierce attention of the mosquitoes—the true cannibals of New Guinea!

At 2 a.m. we had at last reached the further end of Bampton Island, so we anchored and waited for daylight before attempting to cross the wide and dangerous channel of the Fly River. At

5.30 a.m., on Thursday, we set sail again. The distance from the south bank of the Fly River to Kiwai Island is twenty-one miles, but there are some dangerous sandbanks, and the current runs very strong when the tide is falling, so that the actual distance which has to be traversed is considerably more than twenty-one miles. At last we were afloat on the waters of the great Fly River, of which we had heard so much, and which is destined to be some day a great highway for the Gospel, and for commerce into the far interior. If the truth must be confessed, it was about as dreary and uninviting a region as could be found. There is not a hill, or even a decent-sized stone, to be seen anywhere. Much of the land is only a few feet above high-water mark, and when the tide is low, miles of the foreshore appear as slimy mud flats.

We passed close to one large sandbank on which were many huge drifted trees, and also a large number of pelicans and gulls, and we reached our anchorage, close to the Mission station, about 11 a.m. Saguane is the south-eastern extremity of an island about thirty-five miles long, and from four to five miles broad, which divides the channel of the Fly River into two branches. It is a long, low point, covered with vegetation to the beach, and was chosen as the Mission station because, being exposed to the wind, it is less unhealthy than any other place in that neighbourhood; and also because it is a convenient centre from which to start to various parts of the widely-scattered district Mr. Chalmers has under his care. The population in the immediate neighbourhood is very small, and at the time of our visit most of the people were away.

In the early afternoon we started in the Mission whaleboat,

Aitutaki, to visit Iasa, or Kiwai, the principal village on the island, situated on the south-western side, about nine miles up the river. Iasa is a great gathering-place of the clans from all the villages during the sacred season. A large proportion of the inhabitants of the island live there from January to April, partly for sago-making, and partly for the initiation ceremony for boys, and for the annual sacred feast and dances, when the god of the island, a figure

THE FIRST CHURCH AT SAGUANE, FLY RIVER.

half snake, half man, is brought from his sacred place of retirement in the centre of the island.

The current being very strong against us, the boys had a hard and tedious pull, and we did not reach the mouth of the creek at Iasa until nearly sunset. The tide was very low by this time,

and we had not a little trouble in getting ashore through the mud. It was nearly dark when we landed. The Mamoos, or chief, came to meet us, and soon a lively crowd gathered, who followed us excitedly. The people live in communal fashion, each village has its own "dubu," or hostel. We visited two of these. Like all New Guinea dwellings, they were constructed of poles and strips of Nipa palm, and were thatched over with palm leaf. They stand fully ten feet from the ground, and are probably thirty feet high from floor to ridge pole, but the length was startling We paced one as we walked through, and found it to be fully 290 feet long. Mr. Chalmers says that further up the river they are very much longer, and he has measured one 695 feet in length.

The arrangement is very simple. At each end is a vestibule chamber, about twelve feet deep, which is set apart for the chiefs of the village. Within there is a broad, open passage, from end to end, fully ten feet wide, and on either side of it are a number of stalls. These are formed by the uprights which support the roof, and which are eight feet or ten feet apart. The stalls are about the same depth as their breadth, and each is occupied by a family. There seems to be very little attempt at privacy, even to the extent of hanging up a mat as a partition. Each compartment has a fireplace, *i.e.*, a flat stone or a mass of clay let into the flooring. All the fires were burning when we visited the place. Moreover, as there is no light except what enters at the ends of the building,—there being no windows,—the women kindly lighted torches of dry palm branches, and held them up and waved them about to give us light on our way, scattering showers of sparks in reckless fashion. We hastened through, and were thankful when we had scrambled

down the ladder at the further end, and were once more on *terra firma*.

The tide rose while we were on shore, so we embarked without much trouble. The *Niué* had followed us up the river, and we embarked and made ourselves snug on board, while Captain Bob beat down again to Saguane. About 2 a.m. we landed at the Mission-house, and took the second half of our night's sleep. It did not last long, for before 6 a.m. we had to be up, so as to be in time for prayers at 6.30 a.m. in the little church. Then came a brief inspection of the school. It seemed incongruous, and almost ludicrous, that Mr. Chalmers, the fearless and successful pioneer, whose name is known, and who is trusted and influential among many wild tribes, should be cooped up as a schoolmaster with a company of twenty-three children, teaching them the rudiments of English and Scripture. But he was putting as much heart and energy into this work as he would into the effort to conciliate a tribe of wild cannibals, and was succeeding. He uses the Gouin method in teaching English, and it seems to answer admirably. The little girls were all neatly dressed, and some of them looked very bright and intelligent. The church was a frail structure of bamboo and thatch, without any floor save of sand. It was erected on the verge of the beach, and, not very long after our visit, was completely washed away by a flood, which carried off a considerable strip of shore.

Mission work in Kiwai is as yet only in its initial stage. Mr. Chalmers has two native teachers at work on the island—one at Saguane, and the other at the village of Ipisia—both of them from the little island of Rurutu, which has furnished so many good men for missionary service. The Mission has land at Iasa, and it is proposed to station a teacher there. Some day, when the Society has

funds to provide men and a steam launch suitable for work up the river, Kiwai will, it is hoped, become the Iona of the great inland region which the river flows through. At present Mr. Chalmers has the largest part of his work in the islands of Torres Straits, but he longs to see a vigorous Mission commenced on the Fly River itself.

At 8.15 a.m. we were on board the *Niué* again, Mr. Chalmers accompanying us, and, after a pleasant day's sailing, reached the *John Williams*, at Daru, about 10 p.m.

Darnley and Murray Islands were the earliest home of the New Guinea Mission. Messrs. Murray and McFarlane, with the first band of eight native teachers from the South Seas, landed on Darnley on July 1st, 1871, and formed the first station by leaving two Lifuan teachers there. Murray Island, twenty-seven miles away to the south, was afterwards selected as the site of an industrial school and training institution for native teachers; and in the early days of the Mission, while the mainland was almost unknown, and was believed to be unfit for the permanent residence of Europeans, on account of its unhealthiness, these two islands were looked to as a sanatorium, and as the permanent centre of work for the whole Mission. Mr. McFarlane not unnaturally thought of Murray Island as another Iona, from which should proceed bands of trained and devoted men to carry the Gospel to the wild tribes on the mainland. Further acquaintance with the southern shores of New Guinea has proved that, though the climate is trying to Europeans, it is quite possible to live and to work in it with success. Consequently, the original idea of making the islands the centre of the Mission has been abandoned. They are now out-stations of the western branch of the Mission, under the care of native teachers from Samoa. We

went to them from the Fly River; and the change from the dreary, low-lying, mangrove-covered, mosquito-haunted shores of that uninviting region, to the picturesque beauty of these striking, hilly, tree-clad volcanic islands, was very great. We reached Darnley Island on Saturday afternoon, after a weary day of steaming from

CHIEFS OF MURRAY, DARNLEY, AND MAER ISLANDS.

Daru against the south-east trade wind, the first of many, and, as our subsequent experience taught us, by no means the worst of the many such days we were to spend on the *John Williams*. We found four or five pearl-shelling schooners at anchor, having come in apparently for shelter at the end of the week. There are a large number of these boats at work in the Straits, engaged in collecting

the large pearl shells for commerce. It is a trying and hazardous occupation, but as the profits, or possible profits, are considerable, it attracts a large number of men from all parts of the world. Many of the boats are in the hands of Japanese, of whom there appears to be a growing number in Torres Straits.

The indigenous population of Darnley Island is now very small, being only seventy-one. There are about as many more who have come from other places. Murray Island is larger and loftier, and has a population of about four hundred. The people are evidently quite a different race from the majority of those on the coast of the mainland east of the Fly River. They are Papuans—tall, black, with decidedly frizzly hair, and aquiline noses. We went ashore at Darnley on Sunday morning in time for the service at 9.30. Fully 130 were present in the little Mission chapel, and the cosmopolitan character of the assembly may be gathered from the fact that those present represented eighteen different languages. The hymns and prayers were in the native language, and then I gave an address in English, which I tried to make as like pidgin English as I could, though, I fear, without much success. I certainly did not rise to the eloquence of a preacher in the same neighbourhood, who, addressing the blacks on the subject of faith in Christ, had to express himself thus: "You know one fellow, Jesus Christ; you stick to Him; He good chap." After I had spoken, other members of the Deputation said a few words, and then followed the communion service, the deacons who assisted being the Mamoos, or chief, of the island, and another man who bears the distinguished name of Kangaroo, and who has had a long and varied history of peril and adventure in connection with the Mission.

The teacher on this island, Iotama, is an earnest and capable

man, who is engaged in making a translation of the Gospels into the language of the aborigines. He has a school, and a membership of forty in his little Church. We left Darnley on the Monday morning early for Murray Island. Though it is only twenty-seven miles away in a direct line, the intervening space is so filled up

THE CHURCH, MURRAY ISLAND.

with an intricate network of coral reefs and sandbanks that it was quite impossible for a vessel of the size of the *John Williams* to go direct. We had to steam fully forty miles to windward, and then down the long, deep channel inside the Great Barrier Reef. As no vessel of so large a tonnage has ever been known to visit

the island before, and the neighbourhood was quite unknown to Captain Hore, we had to proceed cautiously, and did not arrive at our anchorage till late in the afternoon.

Murray Island is singularly attractive, and the situation of the Mission premises on the slope of the hillside is most picturesque. The old Mission-house is now sadly out of repair, being only occasionally used when Mr. Chalmers visits the island. The native teacher, Fenau, has a comfortable home, and the Mission chapel is one of the best built in New Guinea, with side walls and floor constructed of properly cut and planed timber, and it is furnished with the luxury of seats. Being also used a schoolroom, there is a gallery at the end for the infant class. We went on shore early in the morning, and had a meeting shortly after seven, about seventy adults and a number of children being present, all of whom were respectably dressed in European clothing. The two Mamooses, or chiefs, of the small islands of Maer and Dauer were among those present. Here, as at Darnley Island, the ordinary medium of communication with the very mixed population is pidgin English. The Rev. Joseph King, being familiar with Samoan, delighted the hearts of the teachers at both places by speaking to them in their own tongue; and by his help we were able to have a much more satisfactory conference with them about their work than would otherwise have been possible. The difficulties they have to encounter are by no means slight. The introduction among the people of the islands of a large infusion of foreigners from all parts, most of whom know nothing of Christianity, and bring their own habits with them, cannot fail to have a prejudicial effect upon the morals of the community. Work, however, seemed to be going on steadily, and, of the four hundred people of Murray

Island, there are about eighty members in the fellowship of the Church.

The islands in Torres Straits are under the direct jurisdiction of Queensland, and the Government educational system of Australia touches them, to the benefit of the children. The Queensland Government maintains a European teacher on Murray Island, who has the use of the Mission chapel. We examined the school, and were exceedingly pleased. There were fifty-one scholars present, and it was most satisfactory to find what marked progress the children were making in knowledge of English. After the salutation to the visitors, "Good-morning, sir!" they sang "Pull for the shore, sailor," in very good time, and with plenty of voice. They then all recited the Lord's Prayer in English before separating into their classes. We found the senior class of six read very well in the third reader of the Century Series. They also recited and wrote at dictation and parsed. The junior classes appeared to be making equally good progress. After examining the school, we climbed further up the hill to the old Mission-house, with not a little zest, as breakfast was awaiting us, and we had had a long morning's work to whet our appetites. After breakfast came further conference with the teachers, and then we left for the ship, much pleased with what we had seen, and realizing that though Murray Island is no longer required to provide teachers for the mainland, it is a very important centre for work of a very different kind. The floating population in the Torres Straits, and the small mixed communities settled in the various islands, all need the Gospel. An earnest and capable man, with the necessary energy of character, skill in managing a boat, and broad, human sympathy, which would enable him to get into close contact with men of many minds, would

here find a sphere of labour which might have most far-reaching results. Good seed would be literally as bread cast upon the waters, to be carried by many currents to many shores; and though it might have little direct effect upon New Guinea, it might be a means of blessing in many lands.

CHAPTER IX

PORT MORESBY AND FAREWELL.

SUNDAY, May 9th, was an exciting and tiring day to the Deputation. On the Saturday we had held two great missionary meetings at Port Moresby, to which the people from several outstations along the coast had gathered in large numbers. On Sunday morning we—Mr. King, Mr. Crosfield, and I—who were living on the *John Williams*, remained quietly on board until 10.30 a.m. We heard the bell for early prayer and the summons to morning service, but we left these meetings entirely to Mr. Chalmers and Ruatoka. We went to the little church erected at the foreign settlement for the benefit of the white population, with funds collected by Dr. Lawes, and in which a service is usually conducted once every Sunday. The liturgical service of the Church of England is used, because those who attend and who subscribed for the building are mostly accustomed to that form of service. I read prayers and Mr. King preached; the congregation, alas! consisting of only seven persons, in addition to those who had gone from the ship.

The special interest of the day commenced after dinner, when we went ashore again to the Mission church. The afternoon service was a very special and very impressive one, being a celebration of the Lord's Supper by the members of all the Churches in the Port

Moresby district. There were so many present that they filled the Mission church entirely, the non-communicants being excluded. The church was packed, fully 460 being present. About forty, some of whom were Europeans, and the rest native teachers and their wives, sat on and around the platform and along the wall at the end of the church on benches. The rest sat on the floor as closely as they could sit, the men on the left of the platform, the women on the right; but there was such a preponderance of men that they quite crowded up the women. There were old men and women who had been notorious heathens in the old days, but who had for years been living a Christian life, and there were a considerable number of young men. The service began with the baptism of six men and five women, whose names were Gau Iko, Ako Arua, Morea Ira, Poe Guba, Veroba Raroa, Avaka, Mara Lohia, Dagu Dikana, Konio, Rarua, and Dika Reva. These all sat in a row in front of the communion table with bowed heads, and I, being provided with a small bowl of water and the list of names, passed along from one to another, naming and baptizing them. After prayer, I gave a text to the new members, which they all read aloud and then repeated aloud. Then the whole congregation were asked to repeat it. The text was Ephesians v. 8: "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light." Then followed the communion service, with a second brief address. Prayers were offered during the service by the native teachers, Mea, of Kailo, a New Guinea convert, and Lohea, from Lealea, also a New Guinea native, and by the late Chief. The whole service lasted an hour and a quarter, and was marked by great solemnity and reverence.

As soon as the communion service was over, the general congregation, including a number who had been prevented by the weather

from reaching Port Moresby for the meetings of the previous day, gathered outside Ruatoka's house for another missionary meeting. Mr. Crosfield and Mr. King addressed this meeting, and then brief but earnest speeches were made by four natives. We hurried off to the ship when this was over, and closed the day with an English

MISSION PIER AND CANOES, PORT MORESBY.

service on deck. Several from the shore and from the Government steamer, the *Merrie England*, joined us at this service. When it was over, the Mission party and some of the ship's company joined us in the saloon for a quiet celebration of the Lord's Supper. Thus ended a most interesting though fatiguing day.

We left Port Moresby at 6 a.m. the next day—a lovely morning, which ushered in a day of calm and of scorching heat. We were going to pay our last visit to an out-station of the New Guinea Mission, and it was certainly a worthy conclusion of our round. Tupuselei is about twelve miles east of Port Moresby, and it is a most interesting station. Sunia, who was then the native teacher, was a South Sea Islander, who had been at work since 1884. He was, for a South Sea Islander, a man of great energy and excitability, and devoted to his work, and as the Chief Boromakaiva was also a man of the same stamp and a Christian, there was an unusual amount of activity and enthusiasm.

The teacher and his flock had been in to Port Moresby for the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, but they left in their canoes at sundown on Sunday, and hurried home that they might be ready to receive us. They did not expect us to arrive quite so early as we did; and consequently not a few who had gone away to their plantations to bring us in a present of native food did not get back in time to meet us after all. We reached the anchorage at 8 a.m., and went ashore at once. The original village was entirely built on piles, some distance from the shore, and a considerable number of the people still occupy these marine residences. Since peace has prevailed, and British authority has made it safe to live on shore, a new village has sprung up on the beach, and probably the other will soon pass into picturesque decay, unless an accidental fire hastens the process of change. At several places along the coast the piles remain, which tell of villages which existed not very long ago, but the houses having been burnt the people have rebuilt them on shore.

As we neared the beach we saw teacher Sunia marshalling his troop of boys and girls into a procession to welcome us, and about a

hundred assembled at the landing-place, and followed us up to the teacher's house. After sitting in the cool shade for a few minutes we went to see the village street while the children assembled in the school chapel for examination. We found no fewer than sixty-eight

MARINE VILLAGE, TUPUSELEI.

could read in the Testament, and some of them read fluently and well. They recited a psalm, and answered various questions, and then repeated so much of the multiplication table as they had learned. Sunia was not a "certificated" master, and had methods of school management which were probably open to improvement. His know-

ledge of English was very limited, but he had learnt some words of command, and used them with great effect. "Teshun!" "One, two, tree, gerrup!" "One, two, shut book!" "Down!" These orders, shouted in a voice that would electrify a regiment, to a company of less than a hundred children in a small rush building, produced at first rather a startling effect on the visitor. They were effective in the school also, for the children moved and obeyed with a smartness quite unusual.

While we were at the school a great pile of cocoanuts and other produce had been placed in the ship's boat as a present to us from these kindly folk, and even after we left the shore canoes came after us, paddled with furious haste, and containing men and women who had got back from their plantations too late to see us on shore, but who had brought pumpkins or yams, and in one case, I think, a small sucking pig, as tokens of their love.

We reached Vatorata from Tupuselei early in the afternoon, and found that Mr. and Mrs. Pearse had already arrived from Kerepunu, and Mr. Schlencker had come from Isuleilei. A few hours after, the *Olive Branch* came to an anchor, having on board Mr. and Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin, a cousin of Mrs. Abel's. All the members of the Mission, except Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Chalmers, who were in England, and Mrs. Dauncey, who had been left at Delena with her baby, had now assembled, and the next four days were spent in delightful intercourse. Several hours each day were devoted to serious business, discussing all the interests of the Mission, but in addition we had prayer meetings and a communion service, and the evenings were spent on the broad verandah of Dr. Lawes' house in happy social fellowship. Mrs. Lawes had to provide for us all, day by day, and how she managed to do it was a mystery, for we were

a party of sixteen, and she had no help in cooking, but she managed it with a success which made us all very comfortable, and filled us all with admiration, and withal she was as bright and cheery as if she had nothing to do. On the Saturday morning we separated, Mr. and Mrs. Pearse, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Schlencker, Mr. and Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin, and several native teachers accompanied us on board the *John Williams* for conveyance to Kerepunu and Kwato, and we quitted the shore of New Guinea for the last time with many regrets.

As soon as the steamer got outside the reef we discovered that the S.E. monsoon was blowing with great force, and we were exposed to a very heavy head sea, which made our progress slow. That evening we bid good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Pearse and Mr. Chalmers when they left the ship at Kerepunu. On Monday night, or rather, very early on Tuesday morning, the Kwato Mission boat met us at Samarai and carried off the rest of the Mission party. It also took from us our travelling companion, the Rev. Joseph King, who was to wait at Kwato for the first opportunity of getting back to Australia. Mr. Crosfield and I were left to turn our faces to the South Seas.

KILLERTON ISLAND.

CHAPTER X

IN THE LOYALTY ISLANDS AND ERROMANGA

WE were very sorry when our visit to New Guinea came to an end. We had been there just long enough to stay a short time at the principal Mission stations, and to have a glimpse of some of the out-stations. We had seen the native teachers and worshipped with the congregations. Our eyes and ears and tongues had been constantly at work, and we had carried our cameras about and taken snap shots continually. But we felt as if, having got a general idea of everything in this hurried way, it would have been good to go back again over the whole ground more leisurely, and to spend some months, instead of weeks, in visiting all the districts. I also looked longingly at the mountains, and wished it had been possible to explore some of their recesses and to climb some of their heights. We had seen the parrots and the cockatoos, the large and brilliant butterflies, and the lovely flowers, and we wanted to see more of them. We wanted to see the crotons and the wealth of lovely orchids and the birds of paradise, and all the other beautiful and novel things which were hidden in that strange country.

It was of no use to wish such things, for we had promised Mr. Hadfield, of Lifu, to visit him on Wednesday or Thursday, May 26th or 27th, and Lifu was a long way off, nearly 1,200 miles to windward.

Our recent experience of the great force of the south-east wind, and of the power it had to retard the progress of our steamer, made us wonder if we should be able to keep our promise. On Tuesday morning, May 18th, therefore, we started on our journey, saying good-bye with much regret to our kind friends. Fortunately, the weather proved better than we feared. The wind was not so high as it had been, and on some days it was tolerably favourable, so for a week we made good progress. As we got near the islands, both wind and sun got worse, and the sea was very rough. The *John Williams* had got rid of a large part of her cargo in New Guinea, and had burnt a great deal of her coal, so that she sat upon the water like a cork, and was greatly hindered by the big waves. The motion of the vessel was so constant and so great that we found it almost impossible to write, though we had a great deal of writing to do. We therefore occupied our time in reading all we could about the islands we were going to visit. We read in the Rev. A. W. Murray's *Western Polynesia* all the story of the first efforts to bring the Gospel to the Loyalty Islands and New Caledonia. What brave and devoted men those early missionaries and native teachers must have been! When one reads of the attempts to establish a Mission in the Isle of Pines, and of the martyrdom of native teachers in trying to gain an entrance into New Caledonia, one wonders how those simple-hearted and ignorant men could have obtained the courage and the spirit of self-surrender which were required for attempting such a work. The account of the way in which God opened the door and prepared the way for the missionaries at Mare, by sending a party of Tongans there who had heard something about the Gospel before they left their own island, and the story of Pao's launching his canoe and going to win Lifu for Christ, can never lose their interest or power.

We also read in Dr. McFarlane's book of the landing of the first European missionary in Lifu, twenty years after Pao went there, and of the cruel persecution and oppression of the Christians by the French Government, under the influence of the Roman Catholics. Thus to some extent we prepared ourselves for seeing the people, and our interest in them was increased.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 26th, we saw the island of Uvea on our right some distance off, but we went so slowly, in consequence of the heavy sea, that when the sun set we had not sighted Lifu. The consequence was, that we had to wait at a distance all night, as we did not want to run the risk of being wrecked on the island in the dark. Next morning heavy banks of cloud and mist obscured the land, so that we did not sight the island until between seven and eight o'clock. Then we rapidly approached the shore, and before we rounded the corner into Xepenehe Bay we had seen enough to get some idea of the strange land we were coming to. All round the coast high cliffs of black-looking rock formed the shore, against which the sea was ever beating in angry fashion. Only at one or two points did the cliffs appear to recede far enough from the shore to allow of houses and plantations near the beach. A dense growth of large trees, many of which were pines and many were cocoanuts, crowned the cliffs, and even clung to the face of them wherever they could obtain foothold.

As soon as the steamer rounded the bold headland on the north side of what is known in the charts as "Wreck Bay," there were signs of excitement on the shore, and presently a boat put off to meet us. This contained the Rev. J. Hadfield and a local English trader, Mr. Wright, who came to show us

the best place for anchoring. We went ashore in Mr. Wright's boat, and learned that the people had been gathering from all

ON THE COAST, LIFU, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

parts of the island to see the Deputation. It was nine years since the last *John Williams* had visited them, the visits having been discontinued because the French authorities charged such

heavy dues, and seemed so suspicious; and the Roman Catholic priests had done their best to frighten the people by telling them that the Governor of New Caledonia would not allow us to land, and that if we got permission to do so the powers of heaven would fight against our vessel and prevent it from coming. But the people came, believing that it would be otherwise. On the previous night it was supposed that half the population of the island slept in Xepenehe or camped in the bush just outside. Our arrival on the very morning we had promised to come was a great reward for these faithful ones. We saw them from afar, even before we left the ship, gathering on the beach in holiday attire, most of the young women in white frocks with gay straw hats. Companies were marching up and down near the landing-place, and evidently practising their part in the demonstration. When our boat reached the shore, and pulled into the little cove among the rocks which made the landing-place, we found ourselves in a great crowd of enthusiastic friends. The pastor of the church and all the other teachers were in front, behind them were old and young—men and women and children from all parts of the island—all eager to shake hands with the visitors. We began, but we had to give it up, and we gave them other opportunities for enjoying this privilege. Then they formed an avenue all the way from the beach to the garden gate of Mr. Hadfield's house, and we walked up trying to look dignified and to bow gracefully, shaking hands with the old people as we went along. We did not know then that the dress and deportment of the Deputation were of importance in Lifu. Afterwards we learned that when the Romish Bishop or Archbishop came from New Caledonia, he had landed in all the glory of his gorgeous robes and with

attendants also robed, and that good Catholics knelt down and kissed his feet! The Deputation from the old Society were as unlike this as the plain, barnlike Mission church is unlike the grand buildings the Roman Catholics have erected. The people all followed us to the house and crowded into the enclosure inside the gate, where they remained for more than an hour and sang again in our honour. Then they dispersed for a while to meet again at the church in the afternoon.

King Solomon never went on a long journey far away from home, yet he expressed exactly our feelings when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." We did not expect any letters at Lifu, so our delight was great when Mrs. Hadfield told us that a mail had come in from Sydney with packets of letters and papers for us. The history of that mail was a good illustration of one of the trials of missionary life in out-of-the-way places. It appeared that the mail had reached Noumea, the capital of New Caledonia, in the usual course, and then, as there was a trading schooner coming to Lifu, the postal authorities gave the bag to the captain to be delivered to the French Resident, who is also postmaster. The vessel came, the captain actually forgot all about the mail-bag, took it back to Noumea and handed it back to the post office. Fortunately, the postal authorities had a stricter idea of their duties than he had, and they compelled him to set sail again and come to Lifu once more, 200 miles away, to deliver his bag of letters! Oh! the joy of getting news from those we had left at home. How grateful we felt to those French postal officials. The letters had taken two and a half months to come, but they were fresh to us. The most tantalising part of it was that after we got them we were so busy

that we had to put them in our pockets to read in our bedroom at night, because we were too busy to look at them!

The meeting in the afternoon was a sight worth seeing. The church is large, and it was packed as tightly as the people could squeeze in. There were also a number outside. They were all neatly dressed; many of them were very smart. It looked as if the whole island must have burst out into a fit of extravagance in anticipation of the great occasion. If I had the pen of a skilful writer on fashions, I could wax eloquent on the toilettes of the ladies, and especially on their hats. Fortunately, they were not too much absorbed in their dress to attend to the more serious subject of the meeting, but joined in the worship with great heartiness and listened with serious attention. Unfortunately, we could not understand the speeches made by Zewe, the pastor of the church, and Mole, the teacher from Losi, and Hoii, a young leading chief; but they seemed to be eloquent, and evidently met with the approval of the meeting. Mr. Hadfield gave us an outline of each, from which we could learn that they were not only interesting but full of fine feeling. Of course the principal theme was the wonderful change which the Gospel had wrought in the life of their people, and their gratitude to the Society for bringing the Gospel to them. Truly the change is great in every respect. The people of Lifu were, when first visited by the missionary in 1839, among the wildest and the most degraded cannibals in the South Seas. The accounts given of their barbarism and cruelty almost surpass belief. The grace of God has made a wonderful change. The people are civilized, they read the Bible, they carry on Christian work, they send missionaries to the heathen, they give generously to the London Missionary Society, and they are

learning the difficult lesson that the tree is known by its fruits. It speaks well for their strength of character that they have clung to Protestantism, notwithstanding all the trials of recent years. The action of the Roman Catholics in the South Seas is certainly

LIFU, LOYALTY ISLANDS. A NATIVE HOUSE.

most unworthy. There are still numbers of islands, and even groups of islands, sunk in ignorance and barbarism, but they do not seem to attempt to evangelize them. They prefer to enter in where Protestants have done the hard work of pioneering, and to reap the fruits of their labours by force or by craft.

The priests went to Lifu first in 1857 on board a French man-of-war, and remained at the invitation of the only remaining heathen chief on the island, who evidently thought that by getting European teachers he would be superior to those who had only native missionaries. They have been backed up by French influence ever since. For several years after the annexation of the islands, French soldiers harried and oppressed the Protestants on the most flimsy excuses. The persecution has entirely ceased. Other influence is at work. The priests seem to have plenty of money, build magnificent churches, and keep up a great establishment. The day school in every village is a French school. The French Resident and the Governor of New Caledonia are known to favour Catholics. Yet of the 8,000 people on the island more than 6,000 are avowed Protestants, and not a few of the professed Romanists do not hesitate to show that their sympathies are with the Protestants.

The following afternoon we had a second great demonstration out of doors. This was arranged by members of the Christian Endeavour Societies, who had made great preparations for this gathering. There is a Christian Endeavour Society connected with each of the twenty-one Churches. Each of these had exercised its ingenuity and racked its brains in composing original pieces, expressing their feelings about a visit from the Society. These pieces were to be said or sung with appropriate action, and the gathering was intended evidently to be a great choir competition in the form of a welcome to us. The musical festival was to be preceded by a presentation to us. Alas! for the success of human arrangements. No one can control the weather, and the weather, which had been beautifully fine and bright on the previous day, and also all that

morning, suddenly changed about 2 p.m., and at the time when the proceedings were to commence it was raining heavily and fast. We suggested in our innocence and anxiety, lest people should catch cold, that they had better put off the performance or give it up. That, however, was not to be thought of. Even the belles in their white frocks and smart hats would not hear of this, though their efforts to shelter their hats from the torrents of rain were sadly amusing. First we were invited to come and get a little food for the journey, and we found a number of the chief people standing round an enormous pile of yams, more than two tons of them. Beside these was a huge wicker fish trap, six feet long by five feet broad and three feet high, which looked like a gigantic hen-coop. In this, or tied to it by cords, were ninety-eight fowls. One of the people stepped forward and said these things were from the members of all the Christian Endeavour Societies on the island, as a token of love and gratitude to the London Missionary Society and to us for having come so far to see them. It was a valuable present to the ship, and it was particularly valuable in the circumstances of the people; for we learned that in consequence of a failure in the rains their food supply had been a source of considerable anxiety to them for some time!

Having accepted the kind present of our friends, we moved on to the house of Zewe, the native pastor. Here we found that a temporary verandah of poles and mats had been put up, and a garden seat was placed under it for our party, every available foot of shelter except the space intended for us, being occupied. A great crowd had gathered in front, who formed themselves into three sides of a square, leaving a considerable space in the centre clear for the performers. Then the fun began by the an-

nouncement that this was a demonstration specially got up by the Christian Endeavour Societies, the rest of the people having no part in it. Then each company came forward in turn, headed by their pastor and one of their number, who carried a small French tri-colour upon a stick. The pastor laid down in front of us a small mat, or a mat bag, or an ornament, or a shell, as his present, shook hands, bowed gracefully, and passed on. Then every one of his company followed in the same way. They would not be content with a general thanksgiving, each one had to be looked in the face, shaken by the hand, and personally thanked. A few brought no present, but they came in their turn, shook hands, and said "Bo zoo," which is Lifuan French for "bon jour." So village after village passed before us, and the heap of little gifts grew bigger and bigger, until it grew to be a great pile. We left Lifu with twenty-six dozen mat baskets! After the presentation came the singing. Each company marched in turn into the centre of the square and went through its performance. We were only able to hear six or seven of them. Each differed entirely from the rest, but all were very well done. We could easily make out what it was all about from the frequent occurrence of such words as Johne Williamu, Kerosofilo, Sociase, and Seckeletale.

Had time permitted it would have been very pleasant and interesting to go to the other side of the island to visit the place where Pao first landed, and where a monument to him has recently been erected by the people. We should like to have seen something of the interior of this strange island, about twenty-five miles broad, without a mountain or a brook, or even a spring of water. There are some natural wells formed by cavities in the coral rock, and everywhere water can be got by digging down to about sea-level.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS.

We went to see one of the natural cavities where water can be got, but we did not try to get down to the water. The whole island is a mass of coral rock, and one wonders how anything can grow in it; for even now, after ages of exposure, and of the growth and decay of vegetation, the surface soil is very shallow. But there is no lack of splendid forest trees of various kinds, and the people have in ordinary seasons abundance of food. Not only is the land all made of dead coral, but live coral of many varieties is found in the sea around the island. The finest corals we saw in the South Seas were those of Lifu. Many of them are so fragile that it seems as if they could not possibly survive the movements of the waves for a single day.

Our brief visit to Lifu came to an end early on the Saturday morning, in order that we might pay a visit to the island of Uvea, or, as the French spell it, Ouvea. This is the smallest of the three islands of the Loyalty Group, and it differs from Lifu and Mare very strikingly. We saw four kinds of coral islands in the South Seas. There are islands, like Lifu and Niue, which consist of a vast solid mass of coral, which has thus been thrust up out of the deep sea, and which are a wonderful illustration of amazing results produced by tiny and insignificent workers; there are islands with a circling reef of coral round them at some distance from the shore, and affording a wonderful protection against the power of the ocean; there are islands like these with a circling coral reef, which have by some great force been elevated, reef and all, so that the reef is now part of the dry land, and is like a giant wall built round the centre of the island; and there are lagoon islands, which consist of a great circle of coral reef enclosing only a sheet of water. Some of these are really a chain of islands joined to-

gether by a coral reef and enclosing a central lagoon. Uvea combines the first and the last of these classes of coral islands. The main island, about fifteen miles long by four miles wide, has apparently been thrust up from the sea like Lifu, but it now forms the eastern side of a vast lagoon about ten miles wide, and created by the connection together of several small islets by a coral reef. It is the only portion of the lagoon island that is permanently inhabited, though the people use some of the smaller islands for various purposes. In order to get to the side of Uvea on which all the people live, it is necessary to pass through the lagoon, the best entrance to which is by a gap in the reef on the western side. We reached our anchorage at 3.30 p.m., and were soon on shore at the Mission-house, which is at the village of Fajawe. Mr. and Mrs. Hadfield lived here in the earlier days of their missionary life, and they came to Uvea with us for a three months' stay, as Mr. Hadfield has charge of the work on both islands. The island, though so small, and with a population of only 2,000, has two distinct races living on it. In the centre at four villages are the original inhabitants, the Iaians, people of the Melanesian or black-skinned race, closely connected with the Lifuans and the people of New Caledonia, and allied to the Papuans. At each end of the island are settlements formed long ago by parties of the brown-skinned race, like the Samoans and Rarotongans. These people had drifted or had migrated all the way from Uea, or Wallis Island, and established themselves on the island in force. They are now more numerous than the original inhabitants, and they are all Roman Catholics.

Our stay on Uvea repeated the experiences of Lifu on a smaller scale. Sunday was our only complete day on the island, so there

was no chance of any open-air demonstration, but we had intensely interesting services. The grand old chief, Nigot, who has suffered so much for his faith, and who has done so much as an adviser in the translation of the Scriptures, spoke at the afternoon meeting, and told of the grace of God as shown to Uvea. At the morning

THE CHURCH, UVEA, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

service, which was conducted by Mr. Hadfield, I was surprised to observe how many of the younger people took notes. They had copy-books, and wrote most vigorously all through the sermon. The only part of the service which was not satisfactory was the singing. There was plenty of voice, but the drawl was indescrib-

able, and it was the more remarkable because the people seemed to be anything but slow or dreamy. They are full of life and energy in many ways, and not least in Christian activity. There is an interesting mission on New Caledonia, which was begun by a Uvean student in 1884, and which has been carried on largely by the energy of the Uvean Church ever since. Lifu helps liberally, but Uvea seems to take the lead, and their work has been greatly blessed. The first pioneer, whose name was Matthiu, went bravely across to a place called Wailu, much as Pao went from Mare to Lifu. There are now sixteen villages in that part of New Caledonia, in which there are small congregations and schools, and the work has spread to other places.

We were very sorry when our visit came to an end on the Monday morning. We should have liked to visit the other three villages in which the Protestant tribe lives, and it would have been delightful to spend a day in exploring the beauties of the lagoon and its islands. Uvea has one great attraction which would make it a delightful place for a holiday. It has no hills, the loftiest part is not more than 150 feet above the sea, but it has a beach of the purest white sand, formed chiefly of fragments of shells, and on which are to be found quantities of minute shells of the loveliest colours and curious forms. Our friends sent us off laden with a further generous supply of yams and chickens, and we started at nine o'clock on the Monday morning to commence a wearisome battle with head wind and heavy sea on our way to Suva, Fiji, where we had to get a supply of coals for our further voyage. The distance is about eight hundred miles, which, under ordinary circumstances and a favourable wind, the *John Williams* would have travelled in between four and five days. We did not arrive

in Suva until the Wednesday of the week following; and though a day and a half must be deducted from this on account of our visit to Erromanga, it will be seen that we were actually seven and a half days instead of five days. What days and nights they were of ceaseless unrest! It was difficult to stand or walk, it was not easy to remain in one's seat, and at night we were rolled from side to side of our berths without a minute's pause. We had the same experience in going from Fiji to Niue, and from Niue to Rarotonga. Occasionally the wind moderated for a little while, or shifted further south and enabled us to set sail. But at other times it blew a gale, and we had to go right in its teeth. It is under such conditions that a voyage becomes intensely wearisome, because it is not possible to do anything with comfort. At tables, though the "fiddles" were on always, every dish and plate and cup was constantly on the move, and effort had to be about equally divided between getting the tea or the soup to one's mouth and preventing it from being suddenly poured on to one's lap. In the cabin at night, as one tried to wedge oneself into the berth in such a way as to prevent being constantly rolled from side to side, one heard the melancholy sound of brushes and boots and books and boxes getting adrift and sliding about the floor. We had three weeks of this experience, and were glad when the course of the vessel began to be changed at Rarotonga. Fortunately, the weather was almost uniformly fine, and we got quite used to balancing ourselves like a tight-rope walker. At first I wondered how Captain Hore could manage to write as he did. Before the end I found it quite easy to do so, and began to wonder why we had found any difficulty!

The direct track from Uvea to Fiji passes close to the island

of Erromanga. We therefore resolved to spend a day in visiting the scene so tragically sacred in the memory of all who have read the story of the South Sea Mission. We sighted the lofty mountains of Erromanga from afar on the afternoon of the day after we left Uvea, but as we got nearer to the land the wind came, accompanied by such heavy squalls of rain as quite to hide the shore from us. We did not get into Dillon's Bay until after dark. As there was no lighthouse, or any other means of knowing our exact position, the captain decided that it would be safer to cruise about all night under the shelter of the land. Next morning we tried again, and in the intervals between very heavy rain squalls we anchored in Dillon's Bay. Immediately we saw a very small canoe coming off from the shore with two men in it. They proved to be the Rev. H. A. Robertson, the Presbyterian missionary, and one of the natives. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and their daughters were most kind in their welcome, and Mr. Robertson exerted himself to the utmost to show us all that there was to be seen.

What a lovely spot it is! The island, as seen from the western side, seems to consist of two lofty hills, or clusters of hills, with a deep valley between, down which flows a small river, about eight miles long, into Dillon's Bay. The sea coast on both sides of the bay is guarded by high cliffs composed of soft conglomerate in which coral is very abundant, and which rise in two or three great terraces clad with dense vegetation. The banks of the river are lined with trees, and on the south side, which is that on which the murder of the missionaries took place, the bank rises rapidly up to the mountain slope, and is densely covered with forest. Huge banyans, a species of wild orange, which is a very

handsome tree with a worthless fruit, lofty cocoanut palms, and a variety of forest trees whose names I do not know, grew in dense luxuriance on this slope; while creepers of various kinds climbed in rank profusion and hung in great festoons from their branches,

THE SON OF THE CHIEF WHO KILLED JOHN WILLIAMS.

and formed a thicket which was almost impenetrable. On the north side of the river the land spread out into a little plain. Here was a small native village, and here also, just at the mouth of the river, were the Mission premises, most picturesquely situated, the garden glorying in a wealth of lovely flowers.

It was difficult to realize that a place so peaceful and so beautiful should have been the scene of such tragedies as have given it notoriety. John Williams and James Harris were killed on November 30th, 1839, and though several attempts were made after that to get into friendly communication with the people, it was not until 1852 that the first native teachers were received and allowed to stay. These were young Erromangans who had been taken to Samoa eight years before and instructed there, and then sent back to preach the Gospel to their countrymen. In 1857 the Rev. G. N. Gordon, of Nova Scotia, went to Erromanga, and was well received. His work prospered for four years, and then, in consequence of an outbreak of measles, which had been introduced by a trading vessel, and the wicked influence of an enemy of the Mission, the people turned against their friend and killed him and his wife on 20th May, 1861. In 1864 Mr. Gordon's brother, James D. Gordon, went out to take the place of the fallen, and worked on until 1872, when he also was murdered while engaged in the work of revising the translation of the New Testament. Notwithstanding these tragedies, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson deliberately chose Erromanga as their field of labour, and arrived in the very year that James Gordon was killed. They have worked on bravely, and with great success, ever since. The whole population is now Christianized. The son of the chief who murdered John Williams is now an elder and an earnest lay preacher in connection with the Presbyterian Church.

As our time was limited we went across the stream from the Mission-house immediately to the spot where Williams and Harris were attacked and killed. Thence we went to the little graveyard, nestling in a dense grove of huge trees of various kinds, where

lie the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and Mr. James Gordon. From this we scrambled up and down and up again by a sort of goat's track to a spot further up the river, where there is a large flat rock, on which the cannibals laid the body of John Williams and cut it up for their feast. Then we crossed the stream again, one at a time, in a little canoe and walked down past the native village to the Mission-house and the Memorial Chapel, which contains a wooden tablet with the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES
WHO DIED ON THIS ISLAND:
JOHN WILLIAMS,
JAMES HARRIS,
KILLED AT DILLON'S BAY BY THE NATIVES, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1839;
GEORGE N. GORDON,
ELLEN C. GORDON,
KILLED ON 20TH OF MAY, 1861;
JAMES McNAIR,
WHO DIED AT DILLON'S BAY, 16TH JULY, 1870; AND
JAMES D. GORDON,
KILLED AT PORTINIA BAY, 16TH JULY, 1872.

"They hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts xv. 26).

"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).

Unfortunately, the weather was very showery, so that photography was not very successful. We returned to the ship after some refreshment, laden with hampers of large and delicious oranges, and feeling extremely grateful to the kind friends who had made our brief visit so pleasant. It is very sad to think that

unless some great and unexpected change comes, mission work on Erromanga will soon come to an end, because there will be no people to work for. The beautiful island is 100 miles in circumference, but its population is only 1,760. It has decreased 1,000 in the last ten years, and the decrease has been going on for many years before then. This is due to a combination of causes, but chiefly to the effects of the labour traffic with Queensland.

CHAPTER XI

FIJI AND NIUÉ

THE day after we left Erromanga we had a sad break in the monotony of our struggle against the wind. We had four native teachers on board returning to the South Seas from New Guinea, and the widow and five children of another teacher, who had died at his post. The wife of Taaki, one of the Rarotongan teachers, came on board in a very serious condition, and evidently suffering great pain. It was hoped that the voyage would do her good, but she grew worse, and though Captain Hore was exceedingly kind, and did all he could for her, she died in the afternoon of Friday, June 4th. Had she lived until the vessel reached Fiji we should have got the advice of a physician, but unfortunately her complaint was one the real nature of which no one on board properly understood. She was a fine-looking woman of thirty-eight, and very pleasant and gentle in her manner, and was reported to have exerted a very good influence in her husband's station. Poor Taaki was evidently very fond of his wife, and gave her an amount of attention and care very unusual among natives. On the morning after her death we had the impressive and solemn service of a funeral at sea. I think the barriers of speech were never more painfully felt by us than in our relation to these good people. Fellow-workers for Christ, and con-

nected with the same Mission, we felt a real interest in them, and were anxious to show our sympathy. Yet this unseen but most effectual barrier came between us. We could smile and say good-morning, but we could ask no questions about themselves or their work; we could not talk to the sick woman about her faith in Christ and about the home in heaven, and we could only tell poor Taaki of our share in his grief by the silent language of the eye and the pressure of the hand. We travelled with the party for a month, and we parted as great strangers as when we first met.

Our first sight of land after leaving Erromanga was on Tuesday morning, June 8th, when we saw from afar Mount Washington, on Kandavu Island. Soon we began to find the benefit of the shelter of the land in quieting the sea, and we had an afternoon and night of comfort before we entered the beautifully picturesque and landlocked harbour of Suva at 8 a.m. the next day. Fiji is volcanic in origin, and consequently the whole of its scenery differs greatly from that of the purely coral islands. It has a double charm, because the coral insect has built up its walls of guardian reef round the mountain islands, and has thus encircled them with the lovely emerald green of the shallow lagoon, and the snowy white fringe of the surf beating upon the reef. Many of the smaller islets are little more than the craters of extinct volcanoes encircled by a reef of coral.

The next two days were spent in constant experience of how kind strangers can be. We did not know any one at Suva when we landed on the Wednesday; we felt we had a number of very warm-hearted friends there when we left on the Friday afternoon. First and foremost was the Hon. J. Duncan, one of the principal business men in the town, who acted as agent for the steamer as he had done before, enabled us to buy a large quantity of coals at the cheapest

possible rate, had all the business of the ship attended to in his office, would not make any charge for valuable services, and in addition treated us with the greatest kindness during our stay. We had been expected on the previous Saturday, and preparations had been made to give us a public welcome. Fiji is one of the principal centres of the work of the Wesleyan Mission in the Pacific, and the Rev. W. Lindsay, the Superintendent of the Mission, and head of the Training College at Navuloa, had come to Suva to meet us, and had arranged for a great gathering of the native Churches in the district in honour of our visit. Alas! they had to meet and enjoy their feast without us. Mr. Lindsay, however, had remained in Suva awaiting our arrival, and came on board as soon as we had anchored. It was a very great disappointment to us that being already so much behind time, the *John Williams* could not remain in Suva long enough to enable us to visit the College at Navuloa, but we spent a long day with Mr. Lindsay in a trip up the Rewa River to the Mission station at Rewa. Our excursion to Rewa was a particularly interesting one, because it gave us a very good opportunity of seeing some of the river scenery, which was very rich, though flat, and we also saw genuine native life. The steam launch in which we travelled, and which was full of passengers, landed us in front of the Roman Catholic Mission at Rewa, and we walked through the long straggling village to the Wesleyan Mission at the other end. The Roman Catholics have an extensive and imposing-looking establishment at Rewa. They put up fine buildings everywhere; but the Wesleyans seem to have the bulk of the people. The walk from the landing-place was by a charming and picturesque path through a wilderness of cocoanut, banana, bread-fruit and other trees, and past many taro and sweet potato patches, the houses being almost hidden by the wealth of vegetation around them. After we

had reached the Wesleyan church, we came to a broad, cleared road, shaded by fine trees, where we saw a group of lively boys engaged in a game which seemed to consist in throwing a wand or spear along the surface of the ground at a small mark in the midst of a circle. The native houses are extremely well built of poles and leaves, on a solid platform of stones and earth. They have very thick thatch and a number of doorways all round, which also serve as windows.

We also met Mr Jones, the Presbyterian minister, and found that he had arranged for me to preach in the Presbyterian church on the previous Sunday! To make up for our delinquency in failing to come when expected, we spoke at a meeting on the Thursday evening.

The Fijians were notoriously wild savages when the Wesleyans began their mission there in 1835. The story of the perils and sufferings endured by the first workers, and of the marvellous triumphs of the Gospel over the superstition and cruelty of the people, is a most thrilling one. The whole of the population have renounced heathenism, and have put themselves under Christian instruction. It is by far the largest group of islands in the Pacific, numbering nearly two hundred and fifty islands, great and small, and there is a native population of 99,000. Fully 70,000 are now connected with the Wesleyan Mission. They are a very fine, handsome race, tall and well-formed, and they live in a lovely land in which nature makes such bountiful provision for their needs that they do not care to do any work beyond growing their own food. There are many large sugar plantations on the islands, but all the workers come from North India. In the streets of Suva, Hindoos were almost as numerous as Fijians, and numbers of Indian women, in their graceful dress and adorned with their strange ear-rings and nose-rings, were to be seen

selling fruit or fish. On our way to the Rewa River, the steam launch in which we travelled called at the quarantine island, where were upwards of six hundred Indian coolies, who had just arrived from Calcutta, and it was quite an Oriental scene. There were little Indian children with large lustrous eyes and jet-black hair, and bangles on their ankles and wrists, playing on the beach; there were Indian women carrying brass vessels on their heads and attending to various domestic duties, and the men were lounging about smoking their Indian pipes. There are more than 11,000 of these natives of India in Fiji, and yet they have been almost entirely left in their heathenism. They are happy, contented, well cared for by the Government, and prosperous; but there seems to be no one able to speak their language sufficiently well to have any religious influence among them.

On Friday, June 11th, we said good-bye to our kind friends, and started again. It seemed at first as if the wind and sea had moderated, and for several hours we rejoiced in our steady progress. Alas! our rejoicings were premature. It is enough to say that in the previous year, 1896, at the same time of the year, the *John Williams* took three and a half days to go from Suva to Niué, whereas we took six and a half! As all our time in the South Seas was carefully portioned out beforehand, and we were obliged to end our journeyings before a certain day in order to embark on certain mail steamers, this delay was a very serious matter, because it involved cutting down our programme, and contracting the time allowed for each visit.

We sighted Niué on the Thursday evening, and steamed along its shores for some time before dark, but we could not reach the landing-place at Alofi in time to risk going ashore; because

landing at Niué is not to be done without a certain amount of risk and excitement even by daylight, unless the sea happens to be very calm. The island, like Lifu, is a great mass of coral rock, about forty miles round, the highest part of which is about two hundred feet above the sea. There is apparently not a scrap of sandy beach on any part of the coast, but lofty cliffs of black and cruel rocks everywhere. We enjoyed watching the waves rolling in and breaking at the foot of these cliffs. They thundered in with tremendous force, and either broke into clouds of spray and foam, or else found their way into cavities in the rock, which formed blow-holes, and then there was a pause for a moment or two before the water reappeared far up the side of the cliff, spouting out in a great jet, which fell again streaming over the rocks in a cascade. We were glad, however, that it was possible to enjoy this sight from the safety of a steamer's deck, and to know that there was no danger of our being drifted in upon the waves and dashed to pieces against the rock. It was at Niué that the second *John Williams* was lost in 1867 in a dead calm, drifting between two and three miles to the shore under the influence of a strong current, notwithstanding all the efforts made with the boats to tow her away. That danger is not likely to occur again now that the *John Williams* is a steamer.

The appearance of Alofi from a distance in the early morning is very peculiar. The cottages are built along the line of road some distance above the sea, and they are all whitewashed. When we saw them first in the early morning we did not recognise them as houses. It looked as if all the people had been busy at a big washing, and had hung out a long line of sheets and other

articles to dry under the trees. As we approached nearer, we discovered that what looked like washing hung out to dry was a long row of detached cottages, with thatched roofs and apparently no chimneys, built on the top of the cliff among the trees. Very

MISSION HOUSE, ALOFI.

soon there were signs of life and excitement, as the *John Williams* was recognised, and an eager crowd came down the steep slope and gathered on the rocks. Then came the landing, which was not such a formidable matter as we had been led to expect.

The boat is run into an opening in the broad ledge of rocks. It rises high as the waves roll in, and drops down as they recede. The passenger has to watch for the auspicious moment when it has risen, and to step on to the rock before it begins to drop. In rough weather this must be very exciting, and sometimes impossible. No boat could be risked in such a place if the wind was blowing strongly on shore with a heavy sea. In our case the conditions were favourable. We stepped out into the welcoming arms of the Rev. F. E. Lawes, and got ashore dry. Then came the climb up the steep ascent to the Mission-house, and a welcome from kind Mrs. Lawes and her daughter and Master Ferani (or Frank), and other friends. After this the travellers fortified themselves for a very busy day by getting some more breakfast.

A visitor to a Mission station under such conditions as those that took us to Niué is in a great difficulty. He wants to see the place, not simply the scenery, but the place as a centre of Mission work. He wants to see the church and the school and the workers. He wants to learn what is being done, and who is doing it—and how it is done, and what are the results. He wants to hear all about the people, their temptations and weaknesses and difficulties, and also their good qualities. For this purpose he needs time to go quietly round, not in the midst of a fuss and a crowd, but when men have settled down to ordinary ways. Yet, while the visitor wants to do this, the people want to make the most of his short visit by expressing, in any and every way, their love for the Society, and by hearing as often as they can, and as much as they can, of the voice and message of the Society through him. We felt the pressure of this difficulty all the time we were at Niué. Immediately after breakfast on the Friday morning our work

began. First the students' cottages had to be looked at. Then we went to see where the water supply came from. We found the drinking water was all got from a natural well about half a mile from the Mission-house. There was a hole in the ground little more than a foot square, into which a can was lowered about thirty feet. No one seemed to know whether there was a large open space below, or whether the hole continued small, but the water was beautifully pure and cool. There was another place not far off, where we scrambled down a romantic-looking cleft in the rocks, and found a pool of water at the foot; but this seemed to have connection with the sea, for the water was brackish. If such islands as Lifu and Niué were not situated in a region where there is abundant rain, they would be barren and uninhabitable, because there would be no moisture. As it is, the whole of the porous rock becomes a vast reservoir, the rain trickles through it slowly down to sea-level. Wherever there is a cleft, or a hole, it becomes a well. If the rainfall is smaller than usual, the effect is immediately seen in all surface growth. Only plants that have very deep roots can survive a time of scarcity. There had been less rain than usual for some months previous to our visit, and, in consequence, the food supply had been very deficient, and many of the people had really suffered from want. Fortunately, they are able to make a good deal of money by drying cocoanuts, growing arrow-root, and making straw hats, which they sell to the traders for about sixpence each. Consequently, they had been able to buy food when their own supplies ran short.

What we heard about the scarcity of food made a meeting, to which we were summoned as soon as we returned from seeing the

water-hole, doubly interesting. We found in the garden in front of the Mission-house a long row of open hampers, filled with fully two tons weight of fine yams. The garden was filled with people, and a number of men were standing outside the wall. The Niueans seem dearly to love speech-making, and they used their opportunity well. The first speaker was Pineki, one of the judges of the island. He welcomed the Deputation in the name of the people, and then went on to say that they had for many years had the custom of giving the *John Williams* a supply of yams, which Captain Turpie had told them were greatly valued in the N. W. islands. It had been a very hungry year for them, so that they could not give so freely as they would have liked. They hoped, however, that we would accept this small present as a pledge of their love. This speaker was followed by a number of others, Huipipi, a retired teacher, Nemaia, also an old teacher, and the one who piloted the boat of the second *John Williams* to the landing-place at the time of her wreck, Taefu, Malatini of Makefu, and Heleiki. All these spoke in the same strain, and we could not but feel how genuine was the gratitude to God and the Society which expressed itself in what must have been a very real sacrifice in a time of serious need.

After this meeting came another of a more festive kind. We were summoned to the schoolroom, all the company following us. We found the women and all the young people gathered in their best attire and all full of excitement. We were scarcely seated when we heard the sound of singing in the distance, and soon a dozen Samoan women appeared dressed "Fa Samoa." They had siapo or bark cloth skirts wrapped round them from the waist to the ankles, wreaths of leaves and flowers were wound round their

bodies and necks, and flowers in their hair. They walked in single file with great dignity and deliberateness, each carrying a live fowl, which they laid at our feet as an "Alofa" and retired. Then came another party of men and women who performed a very picturesque action song, in the fashion of Rarotonga, to the music of a tin bath, which served as a kettle-drum. Then party after party came and sang native songs of welcome. The performance ended with a gymnastic display by a youth who had been to Tonga and Sydney, and who had evidently made the best use of his opportunities in watching a circus. After this, every one, big and little, brought us presents of various kinds, chiefly straw hats, and necklaces made of lovely little shells strung closely together. Some of the good women had evidently made hats and sold them to the traders, and gave us the proceeds. It seemed natural to receive a shell necklace or a fan from one of these kind islanders, but to be gravely presented with a "good for" for sixpence, which had to be used at the store of a local trader, was decidedly funny! The manufacture of straw hats has become quite an important industry in Niué. The hats are made of the fibre of the pandanus leaf, or of sugar cane. We saw quantities of pandanus fibre which had been soaked in water and was being bleached in the sun. The hats are very soft and very strong, being almost equal to panamas in durability. The traders buy them for sale in New Zealand, where they seem to be greatly liked. The annual contribution to the Society usually includes three or four hundred hats!

After this good beginning, meetings followed each other in rapid succession, and kept us usefully occupied. In the afternoon, we had a great gathering in the large and beautiful church. It is beautiful

with a beauty purely native, which gives it a great charm. We saw four of the eleven churches which are to be found in various parts of Niué, and only one of the four was built on a European model. It looked like a great barn in contrast with the others. The church at Alofi was built on the plan of a native hut, modified to suit the purpose for which the building was required. It was a great oval, with stone walls. The feature which struck us most was the roof, with its heavy beams, and the two rows of supporting pillars, each of which consisted of the trunk of a huge tree, carefully cut and smoothed, but not polished. These pillars do not stand quite perpendicular, but slope inwards. The most astonishing thing about it, is that the pillars and cross beams and rafters are not nailed or screwed together, but are tied with cords made of cocoanut fibre. This is dyed in various colours, and bound in such a way as to make very pretty patterns. The church is carpeted throughout with thick native mats, upon which the people sit, and the communion table is covered with a handsome siapo or barkcloth.

Our first day's work was ended by a meeting in the evening with the native pastors and their wives. There are eleven Churches on the island, each of which supports its own pastor entirely, in addition to contributing well to missions to other lands. The pastors had all assembled to see the Deputation, and at this quiet meeting we learned much about their work and about the changes which are coming over the thought and life of these people by growing contact with the world. Niué is a solitary island, a long way from any other, and with very little to attract strangers. In the dark and degraded days of heathenism they would have nothing to do with strangers. Now that they have received the Gospel

they have lost the barbarism of the past, and have gained many advantages of civilization; but new temptations have come which are like those of the boy who is going out into the world for the first time, and who has to learn that most necessary and most difficult lesson, *self-mastery*.

Alofi provides the best landing-place on Niué, but Mutalau has associations with the Christian history of the island which can

THE CHURCH AND PAULO'S GRAVE, MUTALAU.

never be forgotten, and which make it a sacred spot. It was at Mutalau that the first evangelists, Peniamina and Paulo, landed. It was at Mutalau that Paulo lived and was protected by the tribe who had befriended him. It was there that he, the Apostle of Niué, died and was buried. The people are proud of the fact that the light first came to them and shone from them on the rest of the island. It was not possible in the very limited time at our

disposal to go round the island, but we felt that, if possible, we ought to visit the first home of Christianity in the island. It was, therefore, arranged that we should go there on the Saturday on horseback, the distance from Alofi being ten miles. The trip was one of those that live in the memory for many days. It would not have been possible to get a better idea of the scenery of the island anywhere. The road kept close to the top of the cliffs most of the way, and many very striking views were afforded of the wild scenery of the cliffs. At the same time the wonderful richness and variety of the verdure on this strange island could be seen in many forms. There were dense and almost impenetrable thickets of oranges and lemons growing wild. There were bananas and cocoanuts, and yams, growing apparently out of the rock without any earth; but the people told us that in consequence of the drought the cocoanuts had borne no fruit and the crop of bananas had failed. The cottages of the people are built along the line of road, and we had many amusing opportunities of seeing their occupants in the ordinary attire of their daily life, which was certainly very different from the finery which adorned them at our public meetings. They seem to like to bury their dead within view of their houses, a custom which is probably a survival and modification of a practice which is common in many parts of the heathen world. In New Guinea, for instance, until the British Government stopped it, the dead were always buried under their own houses. In Niué, the houses were built usually on the side of the road facing the sea, while the graves were placed on the side next to the sea. They were large tombs, without any special taste or beauty, usually an oblong block of masonry placed on a platform, and having a smaller block on top of it. The name of the

person buried was often put on the tomb in large raised letters,—it was never carved in as on our tombstones,—and the property of the deceased was laid on the tomb in many cases. The tin mug and plate and spoon of a little child, the broken tobacco pipe, with the remains of a stick of tobacco, told their own tale. This custom is also evidently a survival from heathen times. The early missionary visitors record that when a heathen Niuean died, his plantation was destroyed, that he might have it with him in the spirit world. One tomb on an eminence was specially interesting. It was that of the principal Chief of the island, who had opposed the introduction of Christianity and afterwards became a Christian. Before he died he told his family where he wished to be buried, giving as his reason, "It was there Paulo first met me, and told me I was a sinner and that Jesus could save."

There are two villages on the way to Mutalau, one of which is called Tuapa, or Uhomotu, and the other rejoices in the name of Tamahatokula. We were most hospitably entertained at Tuapa by Mr. Head, who was one of the crew of the second *John Williams*, and has been settled on the island as a trader for many years. He is one of the kind whom one would gladly see multiplied in the South Seas, a Christian man of honourable character. We also held a meeting at the same place on our return from Mutalau. Fakahuikula, the pastor of Mutalau, had made known our intention to visit Mutalau to the people of two or three villages beyond, and we found a large company gathered to meet us. The church, which is very like that at Alofi, was quite full. After the meeting came a most bountiful repast in the teacher's house. Then came an outdoor demonstration, presentation, and further speech-making, followed by a visit to the spot where the first evangelist

landed, and the cave which was Paulo's refuge in days of opposition and trouble.

The engagements of the day ended with two meetings in the evening after we had returned to Alofi. The first was with the students whom Mr. Lawes has under training. The second, which began at 9.30 p.m., and did not end until after 11 o'clock, was like the safety valve of a boiler: it was an opportunity for all the grumblers and grievance-mongers to come and air their troubles, and it had the result which such meetings usually have. When the complaints were put into words they evaporated away.

Sunday is always the best day for seeing any place at its best. All round the world, wherever Sunday is kept, people have Sunday bonnets and hats, Sunday coats and frocks. Niué proves that it no longer deserves the name "Savage Island," because it now has Sunday clothes. The first service was a prayer meeting soon after sunrise, *i.e.*, shortly after 6 a.m. I was awakened by the bell, and was thankful that it was not yet time to get up. There was no chance of being allowed to remain very long in bed, because the morning service was supposed to commence at 9 o'clock. Sunday School is held at 12 o'clock, and the afternoon service begins at 3 o'clock. The church was quite full at both services. The men and women sit separately, the men on the right and the women on the left. Owing to the large number of young men who are away from home at work on the guano islands and elsewhere, there are far more women than men on the island; and this is easily seen from the way in which the women's side fills up and overflows into the men's side at church and on other public occasions. The afternoon service was a missionary meeting, at which I was expected to give an account of the

Society's work in other lands. It is not very easy to realize the vast size of the great countries of Africa and Asia unless one has travelled; but I never realized so vividly how great and how real must be the difficulties of stay-at-home folk, until I began to tell the Niueans about the Mission in Central China, and spoke of the Yangtze River. Then it dawned upon me that they had never seen a river or a brook, and could not have the faintest idea of what was meant by a river flowing through the middle of the land for nearly 2000 miles!

The South Sea islanders have a great love of travel. They like to visit their friends on other islands for a few months at a time. They also have a great pride in the *John Williams*, which they regard as their own ship. The combination of these two ideas produces results which are not altogether satisfactory, for it has led them to think that the *John Williams* should carry them about from island to island whenever they want a trip. We were met by this idea at Niué in an acute form. A large party of people had been brought from Rarotonga some months before, apparently to settle on Niué, but really to visit their friends. This visit had become a very serious drain upon their friends' resources in a time of drought, and now they wanted them to go back to Rarotonga. They came to us and pleaded that the *John Williams* should carry them. As this meant feeding them for a week, and moreover was the admission of a principle which we wished to destroy, we at first refused the request, explaining that the *John Williams* was built purely for Mission business, and was not intended to be used for carrying people about for pleasure. Finally we agreed to take back those who had come in the previous trip, but no others were to go with them. The native passengers em-

barked on Sunday morning, because we had to leave in the evening. When we got on board we found that, notwithstanding all that had been said, two young men had managed to smuggle themselves on board with their friends, trusting to not being found out, or to our good nature. To their great surprise they were ordered into the ship's boat, amid the jeers of their companions, and were taken on shore again. This was our last farewell to Niué. We started at 6 p.m., and next morning the island was entirely out of sight.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE COOK ISLANDS

THE week which followed our departure from Niué has gained a sad pre-eminence as the most uncomfortable time of our trip in the *John Williams*. Captain Hore must have got tired of being asked why the ocean on which we were sailing was called the Pacific. The wind was stronger, the waves were higher than anything we had yet experienced, and, in addition to the perpetual dash of the waves which kept the decks wet, we had heavy storms of rain. At Niué on the Sunday afternoon, being June 20th, we asked the congregation to sing the National Anthem, in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The effect, I fear, was somewhat disturbing to our risible faculties. I fear her Majesty would have had a difficulty in recognising the tune, but the effort was well meant, and we felt that we were joining a great company all round the world when we joined in thanking God for her peaceful and pure and honourable reign. We resolved that Jubilee Day, Tuesday, June 22nd, should be marked by some special celebration on board the ship. The crew were to be mustered, and a united demonstration was to be made. Alas! we reckoned without the weather. That day was the worst we had; a strong gale was blowing right in our teeth, torrents of rain fell, and every one was as miserable as bad

weather could make him! We had to confine our loyalty to special prayer, without any public demonstration. On Friday the weather began to improve, and our brave little vessel went ahead again. Saturday was better still, and we fully expected to see Rarotonga in the evening; but it was completely hidden from view, not by any great mass of clouds, but by a dense haze, which, rising from the horizon, blended completely with the upper air. We were, however, somewhat compensated for our disappointment by one of the most beautiful exhibitions of phosphorescence in the water I have ever had the good fortune to see. We must have been passing through large shoals of small fish, for, in addition to most brilliant displays of the ordinary phosphorescence, every wavelet as it curled becoming transformed into liquid and sparkling light, there were constant discharges from the ship's side like great sheaves of rockets going off in many graceful lines, the only difference being that, instead of going up into the air, they spread out in the water like strings of brilliant diamonds, which often extended for many yards, branching out like a fan with most startling effect.

On Sunday morning, June 27th, we sighted Rarotonga early in the clear sunlight of a beautiful morning, and as we drew nearer we were able to admire more and more the striking outlines of that beautiful island, the most diversified and beautiful of all the islands we visited. The lofty peaks have a wonderful power of catching and condensing the moisture which is carried by the trade wind, and more than once the island towards which we were steaming, and which was bathed in sunlight, was suddenly and completely eclipsed. As we drew near we distinguished the long school house of Avarua, which is built parallel with the beach, and a number of other houses which formed an almost continuous line for more than a mile. The

Colonial steamer *Taviuni* was at anchor in the bay, and two or three other vessels were moored at the two wharves of Avarua and Avatiu.

MISSION HOUSE, RAROTONGA.

We anchored at 10.30 a.m., just as the morning service was concluding. By the time we reached the Avarua wharf the whole congregation had hurried down, and we found the wharf crowded with

very neatly-dressed and very greatly-excited people. Many of the older folks were not content with shaking hands, but lifted our hands and stooped and kissed them! After we had gone a few yards, and were crossing a little stream by a plank bridge, we heard a man shouting in stentorian tones, and saw a big, stout gentleman in front of us, who proved to be Tepou Ariki, the Chief Justice of Rarotonga, who was formally bidding us welcome in the queen's name. On our way to the Mission-house we took a short cut through the queen's grounds, and past the modest house in which she usually lives, in order to have an opportunity of paying our respects to her informally. We found her Majesty sitting with her husband in very homely fashion at the door of her house. She is a very stout, pleasant-featured and sensible-looking woman, who takes a deep interest in all that affects the well-being of her people. We had an interesting proof of this at a later period, when, by special invitation, we had a long and very serious talk with her upon the growth of the sale of strong drink among her people.

The church and the Mission-house at Avarua were built in the early days of the Mission by that great missionary mechanic and worker, Mr. Buzacott, to whom Rarotonga owes so much. They are both very near the queen's residence, in fact the church is almost at her back door. It is a good building, whose great defect in my eyes was that it was like some English village church transplanted to the South Seas, rather than a structure adapted to native ideas, like those in Niué. All the churches we saw in Rarotonga, in fact in the Cook Islands generally, were entirely English in form, and more advanced in their internal arrangements than in any other part of the South Seas. The church at Avarua has a square tower in front, and is lighted by tall, lancet-shaped windows. It has a

gallery, with a rather handsome panelled front, round three sides, an oblong platform pulpit with an orthodox rectangular communion rail in front of it, and is pewed throughout. Round the church is a graveyard, shaded by tall and graceful casuarina trees, and filled with tombstones, many of which tell very plainly of the connection which is kept up between the Cook Islands and Tahiti. The immortelles and other ornaments are of a kind that offend the eye so much in French burial-grounds. The situation of the Mission-house is charming. A roadway past the front of the church, bordered by casuarinas, leads through a great thicket of limes, which grow on the site of one of the great maraes of the old heathen days. Beyond the limes is a gate admitting to a field of green grass, with a number of old orange trees, and oleander bushes in full flower. Beyond the field a hill rises abruptly, clothed with a wonderful variety and wealth of vegetation. There are forest trees of various kinds, among which the broad light green leaves of the banana can be seen; tall cocoanuts shoot up and wave their graceful crests above the branches of the rest, and the rich golden hues of ripe oranges shine out from the midst of the masses of deep green foliage. Just at the foot of this hill a two-storied house, with double verandah, nestles, its little garden rich in roses and white eucharis, and a small double bougainvillea climbs the trellis-work and drapes the verandah with its rich clusters of flowers. This is the Mission-house Mr. Buzacott built, and which is now occupied by Mr. Hutchin. It is a very unpretentious house inside, with a staircase to the upper floor, which is evidently the work of an amateur. But it is beautiful for situation. On either side of it is a row of small whitewashed cottages, which are somewhat suggestive of the rows of miners' houses in many places in Great Britain. These are the homes of the

students for the ministry whom Mr. Hutchin has under his care and who are being trained for work in the islands of the Cook Group, and as missionaries to New Guinea. All the students are married, and their wives and bright-faced little children are to be seen constantly in the field in front of the house. While Mr. Hutchin trains the students, Mrs. Hutchin has their wives under her care, and trains them to care for their houses and their children, and to be useful as the helpers of their husbands.

When we arrived, the students' wives and children were all standing outside the garden gate with Mrs. Hutchin to welcome us, and we had to shake hands with and be introduced to each in turn, but I fear we were not much wiser at the end than at the beginning. Then came very serious business. In consequence of the persistently unfavourable weather we were now eight days behind time, and as it was impossible to alter the date for leaving the South Seas we had to consider what was to be done. We had decided that the fairest way would be to divide the lost time between the Cook Islands and Samoa. Unfortunately, our time was limited at first, so that it was very difficult to cut it down without leaving out some necessary work. We had a serious consultation with Mr. Hutchin and Miss Large, and proposed that they should both accompany us round the Group to talk over Mission affairs as we sailed, and that we should get Mr. Cullen from Mangaia, and Mr. Lawrence from Aitutaki, and bring them back to Rarotonga for a united meeting. We decided to sail to Mangaia the next day, Monday, and to go from thence on Wednesday night to Mauke, from there to Atiu, to spend the following Sunday at Aitutaki, and to come back to Rarotonga from Aitutaki on the Monday afternoon, so as to land on Tuesday, and spend Wednesday, Thursday, and part of Friday at Rarotonga.

Having settled our programme, we had to make the best use of the time at our disposal. The first thing to be done was to visit the Sunday School for English-speaking children. There are about three hundred foreigners, of all nationalities and of various creeds, living on Rarotonga. Some of them are Roman Catholics, some are ministered to by the Seventh Day Adventist Baptists, but not a few are glad to have their children cared for on week days and Sundays by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. Miss Sivewright, who was then in charge of the Avarua Day School, conducted a Sunday School for these children, white, half-caste, and such of the natives as understood English. Before the time came for going to school we had an experience, which was fortunately unique, of the way it can rain in Rarotonga. It came down in such torrents that half the scholars were prevented from going to school. From the school we went to the afternoon service in the church, and found that, notwithstanding the rain, a large number of people had gathered, not only to see and hear the Deputation, but also to welcome back from New Guinea their friends Ono, Taaki, and Hezekia, all of whom gave addresses, which were very animated and were listened to with evident and very great interest. The day's work was ended by a most serious meeting with the students and their wives.

The settlement at Avarua and Avatiu is not so large as it looks, but the walk to the post-office from the Mission-house is more than half a mile, and there appear to be houses all the way. There are two or three tolerably large trading establishments, several smaller shops, a bakery, a photographer's, a printing office, at which a weekly paper in Rarotongan and English is published. There is also a small hospital, which is maintained by the Govern-

ment, under the care of a young Scotch doctor, and there is actually a public hall, used for meetings and entertainments. The trading establishments had in their yards a large quantity of green coffee berries, which were being spread out in the sun on sheets of corrugated iron to dry, before they were shipped to Australia. The growth of coffee has become general in all the Cook Islands, and it is of very good quality, though very little attention is given to it.

When we returned to Rarotonga from our visit to the other islands of the group, we had a very lively time, though I fear our friends were heartily glad when it was over. The Mission business which had to be discussed had been commenced on the *John Williams* as we all travelled together from Aitutaki, but so many serious matters had to be thought about and talked over that we could not finish our conference before our arrival. But so much time had to be given to our native friends during the day, that we were obliged to carry on our business talks at night. We actually discussed until 1 a.m. both the nights we were there. During the days we were otherwise engaged. No one would care to have a detailed account of our nocturnal discussions, but we wished our friends could have shared in the pleasures of the daytime. The people were determined to welcome us in their own fashion, and for a day and a half we had to submit to their kindness.

We arrived at midday on Tuesday, July 6th, and had a long and very serious talk with Queen Makea and her husband, at their own request, in the afternoon, upon the spread among the people of the love for strong drink, and of the weakness of the law of prohibition to prevent them from getting it. We gave such advice as we could, and promised to do what we could to get the administration

of the law improved. It is a great satisfaction to know that there has been considerable improvement since then.

On the following morning the monthly missionary meeting was held at an hour which would alarm most of us, and which effectually prevented either of the members of the Deputation from

JOYOUS DEMONSTRATION.

being present after being at work until 1 a.m. the night before. They met at half-past six in the morning!

At 9.30 a.m. the demonstration in our honour began. First we heard shouting from the gate into the paddock, and four or five men entered, bearing an enormous native mat. One of their number, who seemed to be the queen's orator or messenger, shouted

at the top of his voice that this was a present from the Queen Makea to the Pu Societé, or "Lord of the Society." He extolled the qualities of the mat, and laid it at my feet. Then some one on our side, in accordance with etiquette, shouted at the top of his voice to let all men know that Queen Makea had been kind enough to send me a beautiful present. The same process of giving and receiving was repeated with Mr. Crosfield. Then we went out to a shed which had been erected at one side of the grounds, because the sound of drums warned us that a procession was at hand. Presently the drummers made their appearance at the gate, and came towards us, followed by a company of about thirty young women, and an equal number of young men, all attired in white, with blue sashes, and blue ribbons round their sailor hats. Then came another company with their musicians, similarly dressed, except that their sashes and ribbons were pink instead of blue. Once more drums sounded, and a third group appeared, their colours being pink and blue twisted together. Each company came up to us in turn, and each member of it shook hands and made a little present, usually a handkerchief full of coffee beans, which were poured out upon a mat at the side of the shed. Then they went to their stations in three parallel sets, and the performance commenced. The drums they used were various; each company had a couple of enormous size, made of sections of the trunks of barringtonia trees, hollowed, and covered with goat skin. They also had a couple of the ordinary wooden drums, which consist of a long block of wood hollowed out through a slit in one side, and hit on the sides with a wooden club, and a selection of tin washing basins and biscuit boxes, each of which has a note of its own. Our entertainers began by singing songs of welcome, which being

in Rarotongan of course we could not understand, but which were understood to be exceedingly kind and complimentary. When these were over, they went through various rather pretty movements of native dances, the peculiarity of most of which seemed to be that the women sat on the ground in two rows, sometimes facing each other and sometimes facing us. They waved their arms and swayed their bodies in graceful ways to the time of the music, while their partners capered about in a circle outside the ring. The performance was ended by the entrance and the antics of a grotesque-looking fabled giant, named Tautu. While the performance was going on Queen Makea and her husband, and the British Resident, Mr. Moss, with his wife and daughters, came and joined us in our pavilion. We should have been quite content if this novel and amusing performance had been the only one of its kind; but that would not have suited our native friends at all. There are three other principal districts on the island, in addition to Avarua, each of which in former days was not only occupied by a distinct tribe, but also regarded itself as quite independent of its neighbours. There were constant wars in the struggle for a supremacy which was never maintained for very long. The Makea family were the oldest, and were admitted to have the highest position in dignity; but their authority as rulers of all was constantly disputed, and often successfully defied. It was therefore considered advisable that we should visit these other centres, or so many of them as time would allow us to visit. The arrangement had many advantages; it not only gave the people the satisfaction of having a demonstration at each place, but it gave us a chance of seeing something of the island and of them.

We went after the morning demonstration at Avarua to Ngati-

ngiia, five miles away on one side, and on the following morning we went about the same distance the other way to Arorangi. In both cases we drove by a level and tolerably good road skirting the shore. Delightful drives they were. Any one who loves trees would find much to admire in the variety of the noble barringtonias and other forest trees skirting the road, and as we passed along we got peeps of the sea breaking in huge waves on the reef, and peeps also of houses and plantations and great expanses of wood stretching up the sides of the hills, and crowned by lofty and jagged peaks. Ngatingiia is quite as beautiful a spot as Avarua. The house, which was built by Mr. Pitman, is now occupied by an exceptionally able native pastor, Maretu, who is also the Ariki, or chief, of his district, as is also the pastor of Matavera, a place we passed on the way. Maretu gave us a great feast for our party, consisting of two roast pigs, fowls, ducks, and piles of taro. As soon as we had done such justice as we could to his provision, an entertainment commenced similar to that in which we had spent the morning at Avarua, and was followed by a serious talk to all on the subject of temperance. We had the pleasure here of meeting two venerable men, who were among the early pioneer missionaries to other islands, and who had perilled their lives in the work of Christ. One of these was Taavini, who had laboured in Fotuna; the other was Taunga, who was one of the heroic pioneers in New Caledonia in 1841.

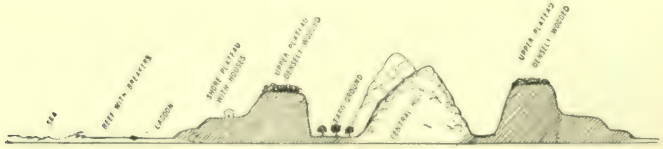
The next morning we began work by visiting the boarding school at Tereora. This is about two and a half miles from Avarua, in the opposite direction from Ngatingiia. It is intended to be an advanced school, and a place for training school teachers. There were sixty-seven boys and girls under the care of Miss Large, and a large number of parents and friends of the pupils gathered to see

their children distinguish themselves in the examination which we were expected to conduct. I am glad to say the scholars, and especially those in the higher classes, acquitted themselves very creditably. From Tereora we went on to Arorangi, the residence of "Queen" Tinomana, the representative of the chief of the same name, who was the first to accept the Gospel. Tinomana has married a white trader, who does not appear to have much interest in the faith which has brought peace and civilization to Rarotonga; but she is said to be a sincere Christian. We received a very kindly welcome from her and her people, and, though our time was sadly limited, we were obliged to stay long enough at the demonstration they had prepared to show that we were grateful. This was our last public function in the Cook Islands.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE COOK ISLANDS (*continued*)

MANGAIA, which was the second of the islands visited in our tour round the group, is about ninety miles from Rarotonga. We sighted it between 6 and 7 a.m. on Tuesday, June 29th, and were off the coast opposite to Oneroa about 10.30 a.m. The island is very different from Rarotonga, and, like some of the other islands of the group, is an interesting study for those who are curious about the past physical history of the earth. It is a good illustration of the way in which volcanic islands have been encircled by coral reefs, have probably sunk a little at one period of their history, and then have been lifted out of the water by the great igneous forces which are so actively at work over a large part of the world's area. If a section could be cut through the centre of the island, it would probably have some such appearance as this



There are paths with flights of rough steps up the cliff behind

the shore level. The cliff is of coral, with some conglomerate and with some evidence of igneous action. The top of this cliff slopes upward somewhat towards the centre of the islands, and it is covered by a coating, not very thick, of a red loam, which is very sticky and slippery when it is wet. The plateau is not very broad, and on its inner side it suddenly drops sheer down to a much greater depth than on the shore. In fact, it drops practically to sea level, and in most places the cliff is perpendicular, and from 150 to 200 feet high. At the foot there is a perfectly level plain, beyond which rise the sloping sides of the central hills, which are composed apparently of a deep red loam. This plain seems, so far as we could learn, to extend right round the island, bounded by the huge cliff of coral. It is the planting ground, and is full of taro, planted, as rice is planted in the East, in water. The land is divided up into patches, separated by embankments three or four feet high, and is flooded. The foot-paths run along the top of the embankments.

There is no harbour or anchorage at Mangaia, and landing is lively work for those who are not accustomed to it. If the weather is at all bad, it must be attended with very serious risk. The bounding reef is a solid rampart of coral about 100 yards from the shore, the lagoon being exceedingly shallow, while on the sea face of the reef the water is very deep. There is a constant surf, the huge waves rolling in and breaking on the edge of the reef with great force. The ship's boat comes as near the edge of the reef as she dares, *i.e.* from thirty to fifty yards away, and is kept in that position by the rowers while it bobs up and down on the waves. A large canoe comes alongside, and the passenger gets out of the boat into the canoe with as much agility as he can manage, quaking lest he should slip down between the two. He

sits down in the bottom of the canoe, holding on to both sides, and the men who are paddling keep their eyes on the waves. Presently a roller comes larger than the rest; the steersman shouts to the others, and they paddle towards the reef with all their might. The canoe shoots swiftly along on the crest of the great roller, and is carried by it far on to the reef before it breaks. There are a number of men there standing up to their waists in water, who seize the canoe as it comes to a halt amidst the foam, and with a shout they haul it right over into the shallow water and on to the shore. The passenger presently finds himself stepping out on dry land without having had a splash!

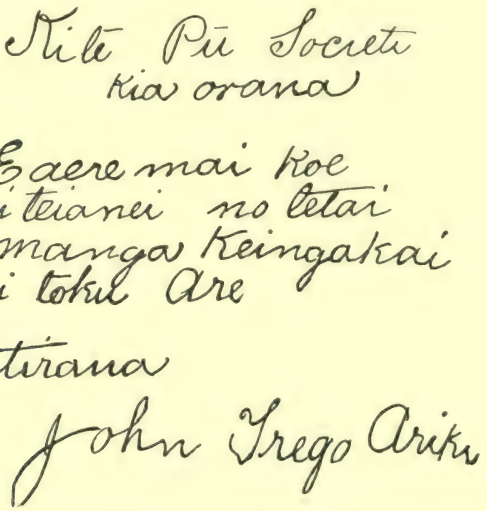
After we had gone through abundant handshaking, we got up to the Mission-house, which is beautifully shaded by tall and graceful casuarinas and cocoanuts, and by handsome Norfolk Island pines. In the compound was a plot surrounded by a low white wall, and containing the graves of five children—four of Mr. Wyatt Gill's and one of Mr. G. A. Harris's. Alas! since our visit that little graveyard has been enriched by having the body of another bright child committed to its care. Little Mark, one of Mr. Cullen's family of winning and bonny children, has fallen asleep, and is resting in that far-away grave.

To the very great disappointment of our friends, we were obliged to cut down our stay at Mangaia, and were prevented from visiting any other part of the island. The whole resident population does not exceed 1,800, who live in three villages, of which Oneroa is the largest. Each village has its own chief. As they have, in addition, two kings, two prominent men who act as counsellors and advisers, and who have more influence than the kings, and also a chief justice, they are tolerably well provided with dignitaries. Fortunately, all

this royal state is not very costly; the two kings, John Trego and his nephew, Nooroa, live together in a small wooden house with iron roof and three rooms. The rest of the great men live in native houses, and in purely native fashion. When the public reception of the Deputation was over, and all the kind gifts of coffee, fowls, yams, etc., had been offered, and we had duly thanked them for their welcome, we paid our respects to the kings. They received us in a room, the floor of which was spread with good mats, upon which they sat, chairs being provided for the visitors. From them we went on to the old counsellor, Turoua, who is said to be really the most influential man on the island, on whose wise judgment the people have been accustomed to depend for many years. We found the old man living in a small native house, the floor of which was matted, and on one side was a low settle covered with mats, which served him for a seat and bed. He is fully eighty-five, very deaf, and somewhat blind, and is a sincere and humble Christian. He was a youth when the first teachers arrived, but he remembers their coming well, and rejoices in the change the Gospel has wrought. When I asked him what special good Christianity had brought to his people, he thought for a minute, and said, "Men can sleep at nights now"; an answer which gave a graphic picture of the old barbarous heathen days, when the tribes on the island were constantly at war with each other, and human life was a thing of no account.

The kings had asked if we would honour them by coming to supper, and, of course, we had accepted the invitation. In the evening, just after tea and family prayers, and a talk to the four students whom Mr. Cullen has under training, two messengers came with a lantern to escort us to the kings' house, and brought

a formal note of invitation to me written by royal hands. This is a *facsimile* of the note:



TO THE LORD OF THE SOCIETY.

May you live. Come thou now for a bit of a feast in my house. That is all.

JOHN TREGO KING.

We found a select party assembled to meet us. In addition to the kings, there were Turoua, Kàvana of Tevaenga; Ata, Kàvana of Keia; Aramamao, Kàvana of Veitatei—all of which are sub-divisions of Oneroa—Vaipo, Kàvana of Ivirua; Miringatangi, the chief justice; Ngatama, postmaster and collector of customs; and Tangitoru, the pilot at Oneroa. There were several others in the room,

but they did not seem to take any part in the feast. Mr. Crosfield, Mr. Cullen and I were placed at a small table by ourselves. Most of the others sat round another table not far from us, but two or three of the oldest men sat on the floor by preference. A huge roast turkey was placed before me, and the table was filled with plates of vegetables, such as yams, taro, and bread-fruit piled high; green cocoanuts furnished our beverage; a plate of bread was provided in our honour, and coffee ended our repast. I noticed that at the other table a great dish of roast pig was the *piece de resistance*. During supper an attendant brought in a mat basket containing a large live turkey, and laid it at our side; and the king told us that "it was a little refreshment for the way home." After supper was over, we had a long and interesting conversation about some important matters connected with the Mission.

The next morning our duties commenced with an examination of the two schools conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Cullen and Miss Ovenden. The upper school had among its pupils a number of decidedly old boys, among them were both the kings. King John Trego was beaten in a sum in compound division by a boy of fourteen or fifteen, much to the delight of all the school.

After the examination was over, a united communion service was held in the church, a number of people having come from the other villages for the purpose. The church at Oneroa is a very creditable building, in which a happy effort has been made to blend the native with the European style of building. Externally it is a plain oblong, with round-headed doors and windows, and a roof partly of thatch and partly of slate. Internally the roof timbers are constructed in native fashion, beautifully lashed and tied, and adorned with dyed cinet. The roof is supported by two rows of five

square pillars. The rest of the internal arrangements are purely European. There is a good pulpit, an orthodox communion table and rail, pews, and a handsome end gallery with a curved and shaped front.

While we were busy with these various engagements on shore, the *John Williams* was steaming to and fro near the shore, and landing cargo. This was a most tedious process, especially as the greater part of what had to be landed was timber for students' houses. All these had to be thrown overboard, secured by canoes, and towed to the edge of the reef, and then got ashore. It took so long that, though we were on shore until nearly dark, it had not all been landed then, and we had to carry some of it away with us and finally land it in Rarotonga.

Before we left, we went to see the celebrated Cavern Kanava, which is still one of the burying-places of the island. The coral reef and cliff is honeycombed with caverns, some of which are the private burying-places and hiding-places of particular families; others are very extensive, and appear to be public property. Going to the entrance of this cavern, we discovered that the top of the great coral wall and terrace is not at all an unbroken plain, for we found ourselves going down into a great hollow with walls of rock before we reached the entrance to the cavern. As a cave, Kanava is distinctly disappointing. It goes a very long way, and is said to run underneath the Mission-house, and right out under the sea. No one is known to have got to the end of it, and it has many ramifications. But there are no spacious chambers: very often it consists only of a narrow though lofty passage, and there are surprisingly few stalactites of any size. But along the side of the narrow pathway, and even on ledges up the sides, there are

graves and coffins. Having explored the recesses of this natural catacomb for about half a mile, we returned to the Mission-house, said farewell to Mrs. Cullen and her bonny children, crossed the reef and got out to our ship, and were soon on our way to the island of Mauke, which island we reached next morning.

Mauke is very flat, the highest part not more than 100 feet above the sea, but is densely covered with very varied vegetation. Cocoa-nuts abound, cotton grows well, coffee is being cultivated, there is a large wild fruit which looks at first like custard apple. The guava was introduced many years ago, and has become a weed; its dense thickets steadily extending in every district, and threatening to fill all the land. We saw one or two very handsome ferns, especially one which is commonly known as the bird's-nest fern, some of the broad and beautiful fronds of which were nearly five feet long. There were also two or three lovely flowers; one on a species of barringtonia, and another on a climbing plant like a large bean. Unfortunately for us, a large company had recently arrived from Atiu on one of those pleasure trips of which the islanders are so fond; and as the village is in the centre of the island, fully a mile from the beach, they were all so busy pleasure-taking that no one observed the arrival of the *John Williams*. The steam whistle was sounded again and again, but all to no purpose, so we resolved to go ashore and introduce ourselves. The landing here is not quite the same as at Mangaia. The weather being fine and calm, the ship's boat was able to row to the edge of the reef, a couple of the men jumped out, and then one of our party watched his opportunity and jumped on to the back of one of the sailors, and was carried on shore. Thus all our party landed, and fortunately while we were doing so a man came down to the

beach, and was sent off to tell the people of the ship's arrival. Just above the landing-place are a number of boat-sheds, in which the canoes are kept from the weather. There were some very fine single and double canoes, the ends curved up and decked over. Under the trees was the moss-grown hull of an enormous war canoe, which belonged to the father of the present chief, and which

OLD WAR CANOE, MAUKE.

it was said carried 100 men. A regularly built causeway for carts has recently been made right across the island to facilitate the carriage of the copra, or dried cocoanut, which is the principal article of export.

The news of our arrival brought down one of the chiefs and the teacher, Pi, to meet us almost as soon as we had started from the beach; and though we had come unawares, our welcome was

none the less hearty. We found they had been expecting to see us some time soon, and had got some large mats and other gifts ready to present to us. The people of Mauke are advancing in civilization, if that is to be judged by the character of their houses. The chief's house is a very neat European-looking house with a corrugated iron roof, and we were surprised to see several two-storied houses of wood with verandahs and glass windows. The most remarkable feature of the island life is the church, which is a unique place with an interesting history. There are two tribes on the island who differed fiercely in the olden time, but have been brought together by Christianity. They now live together in two divisions of one village. Some time ago they resolved to build a new church, which was to be larger, handsomer, and more worthy of them than the structure they had previously occupied. When it came to discussing the plans, that happened which has happened not seldom in more highly civilized countries, they differed as to the kind of place they ought to have. One tribe favoured one plan, and the other favoured another. Their tribal credit seemed to be involved in maintaining their own opinion. It looked as if the church would not be built. Then a happy thought struck a wise peacemaker. "Why should not each tribe build half the church according to their own idea?" The idea took, and the present building is the result. An elaborate causeway approach has been constructed in the form of walls about four feet high and four or five feet broad. This causeway is about 100 yards long, and it is difficult to see any particular use for it, for the ordinary road runs at its side. The causeway road is spanned by two or three peculiar-looking memorial arches. The church has two wooden porches, one belonging to each tribe, and quite unlike each

other in size, design, carving, and colouring. Inside the effect of divergent ideas is very peculiar—one half of the roof is high, open, a kind of pointed Gothic, with a clerestory and elaborate carved ornamentation between the upper arches; the other end is a flat Gothic, plain boarded. Both halves of the roof are supported by rows of pillars. The flooring boards of one half of the church

CHURCH AT MAUKE.

are broad, while in the other half they are narrow. Both parties have evidently united all their skill on the pulpit, which is a wonderful structure of the old box pulpit type, supported on slim pillars, and elaborately carved. Though divided in their ideas of ecclesiastical architecture, the people are at one in the support of their teacher and in their worship. Unfortunately, many of them were away with their visitors, picnicing and enjoying themselves,

but we had a very pleasant service with those who were at home. Then we taxed the resources of the teacher's china cupboard, and his skill in cookery; for in addition to the standard dish of sucking pig, the good fellow and his wife had concocted a royal bowl of what he called "shoop," which was a kind of chicken broth in which the flavour of onion was decidedly strong. We went back

INTERIOR OF CHURCH, MAUKE.

to the beach with a large retinue, and were on board the *John Williams* before dark.

We had not time to go to the little island of Mitiaro, though we were very sorry not to call and see the beautiful church which they were said to have finished only two or three months before. The *John Williams* set sail with a favourable breeze and went slowly through the night to Atiu.

Atiu is the largest island in the group, but its population is less than half that of Rarotonga or Mangaia, though there is a settlement of about two hundred natives of Atiu on Tahiti. Ngamaru, the husband of Queen Makea, is the Ariki, or ruling chief, of Atiu, and is also paramount chief of Mitiaro and Mauke, as the result of conquest long ago. The island has great similarity in its formation to Mangaia, though the coral cliff is not so lofty or so marked, and the depression between it and the central hills has been filled up to some extent by the red soil washed down from the hills. There was a very lively scene at the shore when we landed on Thursday, July 2nd. The schooner from Aitutaki was there to get copra for Rarotonga, and a number of men were at the beach with bags and bundles of the dried cocoanuts, which they were having weighed. We landed at 7.30 a.m. in the same way as at Mauke, and as we went up to the village we met a considerable number of people, some carrying bundles on their backs, others leading ponies which were laden with two large bags. It was a delightful walk of rather more than two miles, first a gradual rise, then a dip down into the depressed portion, and then up the slope to the centre. The vegetation was very rich, with great wealth of ferns growing in every cleft of the rocks, and clothing the stems of the forest trees. Many of the trees are very large, and the people make very good canoes. The chief has two large houses, or palaces, both of which seem to be going to decay through lack of use and care. The only thing remarkable about them was the fence, which was a relic of the old time, and consisted of solid tree trunks placed close together and standing four feet out of the ground. Many of the trunks were fully five feet in diameter. The church is a plain building with very thick walls and a tower, whitewashed inside and out, and comfortably seated. They

have also a good schoolroom. We had the satisfaction, to us at least, of gathering the scholars together and examining them. Thirty-eight could read, of whom fifteen were boys and twenty-three were girls. The boys have begun compound addition and subtraction, the girls are working at the simple rules. The school is not very large, for the people do not seem to care much for education at present.

There are still a few old people on the island who remember the days of heathenism. One old man whom we saw, named Te Rongo Uni, and who has been for many years a deacon of the Church, seems to bear a fine character. He spoke to us of the "bad, bad days," when they used to bring canoes full of dead bodies from Mitiaro and other islands for their feasts. There are now two hundred and seventy-six members in the Church.

It was unfortunate that here, as at Mauke, the bulk of the people were specially occupied at the time of our visit, so that it was not possible for us to see many of them; but we had a meeting with those who could be gathered, and were greatly pleased with what we saw of the teacher, Tauera, who seemed to be an energetic, earnest man. We found that there were three tribes living together in the village, and that in addition to the head chief, Ngamaru, there were two cheftainesses, named Rongomatane and Parua. One of our best native sailors had married a native of Atiu, and came ashore with us in the morning, that he might see his friends. Great was our astonishment to find that this meant to see his young wife, to whom he had been married only two years before, and whom he would not see again for months. As we had to be on board the *John Williams* again before dusk, poor Sunia only enjoyed a few hours of home life. As we passed their cottage on our

way down to the beach, we found him and his wife on the look-out for us, and they actually had a present of native mats and other things prepared for us!

The last island of the Cook group visited by us was Aitutaki, which is in some respects the most interesting of all. It was the first to receive the Gospel. It is the home of nearly all the native crew of the *John Williams*, and it is in appearance very different from the other islands of the group. It is the solid part of a striking lagoon formation of triangular shape. The island is five miles long by one mile and three quarters broad at its widest part, and the highest part is about four hundred and fifty feet above the sea. The land seems to be composed almost entirely of the red loam, which is found on all the other islands. The coral reef joins the north end of the island, which is also its highest part, and runs away from it on both sides to the south, forming a triangle, which is six miles and a half wide at its base. Here and there along the line of reef are small islands clothed with cocoanut trees, but the rest of the reef is washed by the ceaseless surf of an ocean which is never quiet, even on the calmest day. Within the bounding reef the shallow water of the lagoon is a lovely green, contrasting remarkably with the deep blue of the ocean beyond. The island is very fertile, for in addition to cocoanuts, bananas, yams, and taro, the bread-fruit tree grows very freely. In fact, it is said that Rarotonga has the mountain plantain, Mangaia has the taro, and Aitutaki lives on bread-fruit. My own taste leans to the food of Aitutaki as best, because it is not so sweet as the other, but I know my missionary friends do not all agree with me. The abundance of bread-fruit is not good for the Aitutakians, because it produces its fruit so freely during several months of the year, that

the people have not to work for their food, as they do at Mangaia. Oranges of very fine quality grow in abundance. Coffee is also grown, and very good arrowroot is made. Traffic in liquor is forbidden under very heavy penalties, but unfortunately the people

AITUTAKI.

have learned to make orange beer, and there is a large amount of "bush drinking" on the sly by the young people.

The *John Williams* always remains forty-eight hours at Aitutaki, to give the crew an opportunity of going ashore to their families. Other men take their places for the work of the ship

while they are away, because unfortunately there is no anchorage, as the steamer cannot come inside the reef, so she has to sail about all the time she is waiting at the island. The Aitutakians are all splendid boatmen, and own a number of fine whale-boats. In the old days of the South Sea whale fishery, many of them went voyages on whalers, and now they have whale hunts whenever a whale is sighted. As soon as the *John Williams* was seen, the boats began to come off, and we were surrounded by a little fleet of them by the time we got opposite to the passage through the reef. Mr. Lawrence came out and gave us a very warm welcome. They had been very anxious about us, as according to our original plan we should have gone to Aitutaki first, and we were due there on the day we arrived at Niué.

We had a very pleasant time on shore. Saturday afternoon was too short for anything but looking round the village of Arutangi, which is the principal settlement. First, after settling down at the prettily-situated Mission-house, with our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, we made the acquaintance of Tiavari, or George Strickland, the teacher. "King George" he is often called, because for some years, when there was no European missionary, he managed the Mission. Even now he seems to be a terror to all evildoers. Then we had a walk on the main road along the shore. The people are in a transition stage in civilization. They are ambitious to have European houses. They build neat cottages with coral walls, corrugated iron roof, glazed windows, and good doors, but very often there is nothing more. Or there is an iron bedstead, and one or two camphor-wood chests for their clothes, an American clock, and a sewing machine. The last article, a treadle sewing machine, is to be found in every respectable house

in Rarotonga, Mangaia, and Aitutaki, and it is well used. The women have learned to cut out and make their own clothes, and they make them very neatly and well. But the inside of the house does not seem to be much used. The family live on the back ver-

THE MISSION HOUSE, AITUTAKI.

andah, sleep on mats, and eat with their fingers. Probably the next stage will be to use chairs and tables and knives and forks.

Some of the ways of the people are very gracious. As we walked along the road one after another came out from their houses and offered us refreshment. One would bring a green cocoanut for each, with the top already sliced off for a cool drink. Another would offer us bananas, a third would present us with oranges al-

ready peeled. Unfortunately for our comfort these attentions were so frequent and so pressing, that they became not a little embarrassing. Sunday was a busy and exciting day. We had a united gathering in the morning at Arutangi, to which the members of the Church came from all parts of the island. The church is a large and commodious one, but makes no pretence to architectural beauty. A new pulpit and communion rail has, however, been recently purchased in Sydney, which is handsome, and is said to have cost the handsome sum of £160! After preaching I had the honour of baptizing three babies, one of which was the firstborn son of our boatswain, Tangi, who received the simple name Tiraa. Another boy, whose parents must have had nautical ideas, was called "Main Royal," and in addition, being the firstborn in a large connection, he received eight other native names, which, fortunately, I was not required to repeat, Mr. Lawrence reading them out, according to their custom, at the beginning of the service.

After the baptisms, the members of the church gathered for the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Immediately after service we had some light refreshment, and then started at 12.30 to visit and speak at Tautu and Vaepae, the two other villages on the island. They are small, but have very neat churches, and both places were full. The walk, except for the intense heat, was a most enjoyable one, on account of the richness of the foliage and the beauty of the many peeps we got of the lagoon.

The next morning we had to be up betimes because there was much to be done, and we were to be on board again at 2 p.m. Immediately after breakfast our visitors began to come in companies, grown up people and children: nearly the whole of the

population of the island must have been about the place. Mats, coffee, arrowroot, fowls, eggs, and quantities of lovely shells were brought and presented to us. Of course a great deal of handshaking accompanied the presentations, and we had to make speeches. The performance lasted fully two hours, though we had none of the merry-making which the Rarotongans indulged in. Then came

A GROUP OF NATIVE EVANGELISTS, AITUTAKI.

more serious business of various kinds, part of which was an evidence of the progressiveness of the Aitutakians. They have three elementary village schools, and in addition Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have classes every day for the more advanced scholars, to teach them English and otherwise to advance their education, but they feel that this is not sufficient. They want to have a boarding

school, with an English teacher, and they are prepared to help to pay for the services of a teacher. They therefore came to us to present their request, and afterwards they wrote a letter on the subject, begging the Directors to give them a school.

When we left the island on Monday, July 4th, we took Mr. Lawrence with us for the meetings at Rarotonga, and we brought him back on the following Saturday, when we said good-bye to the Cook Islands, and shaped our course for the last stage of our long cruise.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE SAMOAN GROUP

THE Samoan Islands are larger than any other group in which the Society is at work in the South Seas. They contain a population more than twice as numerous as all the rest of the South Sea Mission put together, and they have connected with them as a Mission three groups of island outstations, which have furnished a splendid field for the Christian consecration and patience of the Samoans.

We sighted the easternmost of the group, the three islands of the Kingdom of Manua, on Monday, July 12th, passed to the east and north of Tutuila, and then patiently waited off the coast until early morning, that we might have light for entering Apia Harbour. It was a brilliant morning, and the fine, forest-clad hills looked exceptionally beautiful in the clear morning light. Apia Harbour is not much of a place, but the town looks very pretty from the sea. There on the left is the little spire of what is known as the Foreign Church, where services in English are conducted by the resident missionary. Close to it, on the right, is the Coffee House and Reading Room, which Mr. Goward has been maintaining for some time on his own responsibility, and, I fear, to his own pecuniary loss, though it proves a constant boon to sailors. To the

right of the Coffee House we see a magnificent pine tree towering above all the trees around it, and forming a most useful landmark. It is in the Mission grounds, and the two Mission-houses are close to it, but cannot be seen from the water. A little further on in the same direction is a square tower, which belongs to the Tivoli Hotel. Just beyond that, but invisible, are two things of great interest to us. There is a beautiful road running at right angles to the shore. It is broad and well kept, and shaded by fine trees. A drive of two miles up that road will bring you to the gate of the grounds of Papauta School, and if you go another mile and turn off to the right a little way, you will reach the gate which leads to a house where lived and died the author of *Catriona*, and *Kidnapped*, and *Treasure Island*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and other books which have fascinated multitudes of boys and older people by their romance, and by the charm of their style. That house is Vailima, the house of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that hill on the right so steep, and so densely overgrown with trees, is the one on the very top of which he rests. At the beginning of the road, on the opposite side to the Tivoli, is a stone church, which was not finished when we were at Apia. It belongs to the native congregation, and close to its front wall are buried the remains of those noble missionary martyrs, John Williams and James Harris. They were brought from Erromanga long ago. Beyond the church and houses and stores, extending in a straggling fashion for some distance, you can see the front of the large and handsome Roman Catholic Church. Then the eye is arrested by a great iron ship's hull, lying on its side in the water. That is a sad memorial of the great storm of 1889. It is the hull of the German man-of-war *Adler*, which was wrecked on that occa-

sion, and one shudders as one thinks of the tremendous power of the ocean when it is aroused. As the eye follows the sweep of the shore for some distance beyond the wreck of the *Adler*, the trees of Mulinuu are seen, with the western arm of the bay, and the royal town of Malietoa. Behind all this range of houses on the shore are trees rising with the slope of the ground to the base of a lofty

R. L. STEVENSON'S HOUSE APIA.

and striking-looking hill. That large, white building you can see standing out so prominently at the foot of the hill is a large Roman Catholic establishment.

Apia is certainly a charming-looking spot, yet my recollections of a *very* pleasant visit are marred by two things. The heat was most steamy and oppressive. It was said to be the cool

season, but every one went about clad in the thinnest of white clothes, and seemed to be perpetually in a vapour bath. The mosquitoes of Apia were more numerous and more bloodthirsty than any we had met with since leaving New Guinea, and they left the poor, unfortunate stranger no peace day or night if they could only get at him.

We anchored in Apia Harbour at 8 a.m., and were at once greeted with a most remarkable welcome. First came the Mission boat with Mr. and Mrs. Goward and Miss Forth, the young lady who has charge of the Coffee House. Then we saw a number of large boats coming, boats with fourteen or sixteen oars, and filled with people. They had awnings, and they were all gaily decorated with green. They circled round and round the ship singing songs of welcome, and presently one after another came to the gangway, and the pastors and deacons of the various Churches in the Apia district came on board and were introduced to us by Mr. Goward. Then we went ashore, and just as we got to the beach we saw another boat and a number of girls beside it in white frocks, looking very hot and very disappointed. They had not been informed soon enough that the ship was in sight, so they had run all the way down from Papauta, but were too late to get out to the ship. They had to content themselves with standing at the entrance to the Mission premises and singing their song of welcome. As soon as we got to the Mission-house, the pastors brought their wives to salute us. Then the chiefs of the district came with greetings. After them came the queen and her attendant ladies, dressed in Samoan costume. Then the boys of Mr. Goward's school gathered and sang to us. By the time these receptions were over, Mr. Newell had come in from Malua, and we had to pull to pieces

the elaborate programme of meetings which had been arranged for us, and to make another, squeezing all the meetings into three days less time.

What remained of the day was occupied in a round of official visits, beginning with King Malietoa, and then in the evening we went on by boat to Malua. It was one of those never-to-be-forgotten experiences which come from time to time in such a journey. The discomforts, the hardships, and the incon-

TUTOR'S HOUSE, MALUA.

veniences which are inevitable in travelling seem somehow to lose all their bitterness in the remembrance of them, and become the source of many a pleasant joke afterwards. But scenes of beauty and seasons of pleasure abide among the permanent treasures of life, pictures which do not fade and which always retain their freshness. That evening trip by boat to Malua was one of these happy experiences. We started just after sunset in the rapidly fading twilight of the tropics. As we passed round Mulinuu point

we saw and heard the waves breaking on the reef to the right of us, while our boat travelled on the smooth waters of the lagoon. As the evening darkened the trees along the shore on our left cast a very heavy shadow, which was lighted up at intervals with the bright glow of a fire where the people were cooking their evening meal. More and more in the gathering darkness the white gleam of the surf seemed to shine out in a long line of white foam, while the firelight amid the blackness of the tree-covered shore became more vivid. Then the moon rose over the hills, and shed a soft, weird light over trees and water, and made the whole like a beautiful dream.

Apia is the centre of the foreign trade of Samoa, and the seat of the native Government, but Malua is the centre of the Mission. For more than fifty years it has been the training place from whence have gone out all the pastors of the Samoan Churches, and also a great company of missionaries to the Tokelau, Ellice, and Gilbert groups, and to New Guinea. We looked forward with great interest to our visit to Malua, and we were not disappointed. It is a model place of its kind, and, under the earnest, wise teaching of Mr. Marriott and Mr. Newell, the standard of knowledge and training is steadily rising to meet the growing needs of the times. The Jubilee Hall, which has been erected by the students under the superintendence and help of Mr. Williamson, a builder from Australia, is a memorial of the gratitude of the Churches for all the work which has been done by Malua. It is a beautiful building, especially inside, and has cost more than £2,000, which was all subscribed by the people before the building was finished. We paid two visits to Malua. On the first occasion we met the students, and renewed our acquaintance with Saanga, whom we

were glad to find doing excellent work as an assistant tutor, and apparently quite unspoiled by his visit to England. We also were formally welcomed in a public meeting by the churches of the Malua district, and we had a conference with their pastors and deacons.

JUBILEE HALL, MALUA.

Our second visit was just at the end of our tour round the islands. We went to take part in the meetings of the Congregational Union of Samoa. They were held in the Jubilee Hall before it was actually finished and formally opened, and as it was a special occasion,

there was a very large gathering. It was good to be there, and to witness the earnestness and the inteliigence with which the members discussed the business of the Churches, and the interests of Christian life and growth in Samoa.

Five miles beyond Malua is Leulumoega, one of the oldest stations in the Mission. John Williams himself lived for some time about two miles further along the coast. For many years there was no resident missionary there, but when it was decided to start a high school, and normal school for boys, the old Mission-house was rebuilt, and Mr. Hills was appointed to take charge of the school. Unfortunately, he was away in England on furlough, but Mr. Wookey was acting in his stead. The boys were saved the ordeal of being examined by a "Deputation," for the examinations were over, and we had the pleasure of presenting them with their prizes. Like the Malua students, they have been building lately, and, under the skilful direction of Mr. Hills, they have erected a schoolroom which would be a credit to any place.

Students at college, and boys at boarding schools in Samoa, live under somewhat different conditions from those in England. They are not all accommodated in one large school building with big dormitories, but live in native houses in parties of ten or twelve, under the supervision of native teachers. They are not boarded, but are expected to find their own food. A piece of land is obtained for a plantation, and every scholar spends at least one day a week in hard work, digging and planting and weeding, and thus growing his own food. He does not know the taste of beef and mutton, unless on some special occasion he buys a tin of meat from the trader, and most likely he would buy a tin of salmon rather than of beef if he wanted a treat. His only meat is pork,

and this he cannot get except occasionally. Sometimes he catches fish, but his daily food is almost entirely vegetable. He cooks bananas, or bread-fruit, or yams, or taro, and lives on this vegetable diet.

The day after our arrival at Leulumoega was a day of constant strain from early morning to late at night, but it was only a specimen of what happened again and again during our visit to Samoa. The prize-giving had fortunately been accomplished on the previous evening, or we could not have found time to get through all our engagements. First came the inevitable presentations to us of siapos, bowls, fans, etc., without which no Samoan would feel that he had worthily welcomed his guest, and which are given with great grace. Then the high chiefs came, headed by Tamasese, to pay their respects to us. The district of Aana, at the west end of Upolu, is the headquarters of the Tumua party, of which Tamasese is the head. They seem to be always in opposition. If Malietoa is king, they join the Mataafa party, and if Mataafa is king, they join the Malietoa party. Thus for generations Samoa has been constantly the prey of cruel war. There are some fine-looking and courtly men among these chiefs, and we had a long and pleasant talk with them. When our interview with the chiefs was over, our meeting with the people began. This, like that at Malua the day before, was held in a large shed and was very amusing as well as interesting. Then came a long and serious conference with the pastors and deacons of the district. Finally, at 5.30 p.m., we started in the Mission boat for Apia, Mr. and Mrs. Wookey accompanying us. The boys rowed us to Malua, and then the students took charge of us. Those Malua students are strong oarsmen, and can make their boat travel along in grand

style. We had to go all the way against a stiff head wind, yet after we had gone ten miles or thereabouts, we had a race with another boat, rather larger than our own, and we won. We were going steadily along, and we in the stern were trying an English song, when another boat shot out from somewhere, came alongside of us, and appeared to be determined to go ahead. At once our students roused themselves. I called out, "Go it, Malua!" and they did "go it," with a yell which was responded to by the others. The other boat had slightly the advantage, because they had long sea oars, but our boys were not to be beaten. They bent their backs to the work with a will. For about five or six minutes they pulled their very best, the boats kept neck and neck for a while, but at last we began to crawl slowly ahead, and presently the others called out and gave up the contest. We gave a yell of triumph, and we Britishers sang "Rule Britannia!"

Our visit to Samoa was one long fête day after day, and in various forms, but the meetings were so like each other that to describe them in detail would be wearisome. Some scenes, however, stand out with an interest of a special kind. We shall not easily forget our visit to Papauta, the high school for girls, which was commenced after Mr. Spicer's visit to Samoa in 1887, and as the result of his advice, and which has proved one of the most valuable institutions in the Mission. There were eighty-one girls in the school when we visited it, including the daughter of Malietoa and the daughters of several of the high chiefs. They were getting on well with their lessons, but that was not the most important part of the work. They were being sensibly and plainly trained in all household work, and they were under very sensible and very earnest Christian influence. Many of them

were big girls of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years old, who, under the old regime, would have been married at fourteen or fifteen. Now new thoughts on such subjects were growing within

PAPAUATA BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

them. Their influence is already being felt in many Samoan homes.

We left Apia at 6.30 a.m., to have breakfast at the school at 7 o'clock. After breakfast the girls sang the Cantata "Under the Palms," and did it exceedingly well. Then we had a meeting, to

which a large number of their friends came. In the afternoon, half an hour's musical drill with the Indian clubs by twenty-four of the bigger girls showed us another side of their training, and as we went about the place—dormitory, classrooms, dining-room, garden—we felt that the atmosphere of the place was wholesome. They all looked thoroughly happy, and a number of them were members of the Church.

On the day following our visit to Papauta, we went to Mulinuu to hold a meeting with the churches of the Apia district. As Mulinuu was the abode of royalty and of many of the high chiefs, rank and fashion assembled at the meeting, and we had some peeps at Samoan character and some amusing evidences that vanity is not confined to civilized lands. Every Samoan village appears to have a village belle, like the "queen of the May" of old English country life. This young lady is the leader in all festive demonstrations. She lives in a hut set apart for her and has a retinue of attendants. On such occasions as our public receptions she has a place set apart for her and her retinue and comes in state gaily dressed, and usually seems to come *late*! At Mulinuu there seemed to be rivalry as to who should come last and thus attract most attention! After the meeting we spent a very pleasant hour at lunch with King Malietoa, and then we started for Savaii, holding a meeting at Solosolo on the way. Savaii is the largest island in the group, and in many respects the most striking. It suffers from one great drawback to progress in the absence of any commodious or safe harbour. We spent a busy and interesting Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge at Matautu, and then on the Monday, after meeting the pastors and deacons, we left again and went to Tuasivi. In future years, if the Samoan people survive, Tuasivi, or rather its neighbour

Sapapalii, will be a place of resort as interesting as Plymouth Rock, or Canterbury, or Iona. At Sapapalii, in a little creek close to the corner of the present chapel, John Williams landed

THE FOREMOST GIRL IS FAAMU, DAUGHTER OF KING MALIETOA.

from the *Messenger of Peace*, when he first took the Gospel to Samoa. The present neat and well-finished chapel was built by Malietoa, on the site of an older one. Sapapalii is the ancestral home of the Malietoa family, and their houses are hidden from

view by the chapel. The *Messenger of Peace* was a very small vessel, and probably was able to get inside the reef. The *John Williams* had to lie to outside, in a very rough sea, and we were rowed through the opening in the reef in our boat. Several enormous boats came out to meet us, and to show us the way in through the reef, and we were transferred to them when we got to the calm water inside. I was received into the king's boat, which had no fewer than thirty-two rowers, who were dressed in a uniform, and had a bugler to give them the orders of the captain. We landed at the Mission-house at Tuasivi, which was then without an occupant, but has since become the home of Mr. J. W. Sibree. The station had been for some time without a resident missionary, and the Directors had given the Deputation instructions to inquire and decide whether another missionary should be appointed or not. The delight of the people when they were told that a missionary would be appointed was exuberant. We had a very enthusiastic meeting on the historic spot where Williams landed, and then we had an interesting experience of the difficulties which sometimes beset travel in those seas. While we were on the shore, the wind had increased so much that it was impossible for any boat to go out. Captain Hore sent the ship's boat for us before the weather got bad, with a message that he would stand out to sea all day, and that if the weather moderated at night sufficiently to make it safe to come off, we were to burn a blue light on the shore, and another when we got through the opening in the reef. The weatherwise said the wind would probably drop when the moon rose, and they proved to be right. At 11 p.m. we burned our signal light, and after tossing in a heavy sea for rather more than an hour, we managed to find our steamer, and were on

board again soon after midnight, and started again to visit Falealili and Lalomano.

The shortness of the time at our disposal was a great disap-

CHAPEL AT MATAUTU, SAVAII, SAMOA.

pointment to our native friends, for they greatly love a prolonged and ceremonious display on such occasions. The missionaries, however, had told them that we had come for serious business, and could not spend much time at any place, and the

people had the good sense to recognise this, and to abstain from any Talotasi, or ceremonious demonstration. They actually gathered presents of all kinds, siapos, fans, shells, yams, bananas, fowls, pigs and other things, before our arrival, and gave them to us at once with a brief speech by some spokesman, instead of coming in procession, and giving them to us one at a time. Fortunately, however, they did not feel it to be necessary to deny themselves the pleasure of dressing for the great occasion. At Falealili the result was more striking and more picturesque than at any other place, because there seemed to be greater emulation among the women of the different villages in variety and taste of their costumes, and larger numbers appeared in the processions. If the meeting was in a temporary shed out of doors, these processions often walked three times round the place of meeting, before they took their places, so that they might be seen by all. At our meeting at Potasi, in the Falealili district, several sets of these gaily-dressed ladies attended. One company had purple bodices trimmed in red, siapos as skirts, covered with pieces cut in the shape of large lanceolate leaves dyed a rich brown, and a wreath round their heads. Another with purple and red bodices, had a head dress of purple and red, the shape of a French peasant woman's cap, with long streamers, and two of them had the cap covered with a long tulle veil, which hung over them like a bride's veil. Another company wore saffron yellow tiputas instead of bodices, and head-dresses of yellow with a white frill, shaped like old-fashioned, close-fitting, Kate Greenaway bonnets. These had skirts of black siapo. Others again had red bodices, variegated siapo skirts and white head-dresses which looked like paper shavings. Yet another company had white bodices with red sashes across

the shoulder, and pretty head-dresses which looked like brown sea-weed. The effect was decidedly striking and gay.

SAPAPALII CHURCH, SAVAII, SAMOA.

From Lalomano, at the east end of Upolu, we went across to Tutuila, where Mr. Cooper joined us, and we went on to the

islands of the Manu'a group. These three small islands, named Taû, Ofu, and Olosenga, are singularly beautiful, with the romantic variety of form and the richness of vegetation characteristic of volcanic islands. They are a long way to windward of the rest of the Samoan group, and were probably the first which were peopled when the present race found their way thither across the seas long, long ago. Manu'a forms a kingdom quite distinct from the rest of the Islands, and is very proud of its ancient dynasty. The *Chronicle* for February, 1896, contained an interesting account of the death of Margaret Young, the Christian Queen of Manu'a, who was 35th in direct descent from Moa, the founder of the line. She died just as she had reached a beautiful womanhood, greatly beloved; and when we visited the islands her successor had not yet been chosen by the people. Her father, Mr. Young, is a son of an English Christian trader, and is himself a true man and deacon of the Church at Taû. Our arrival in the evening was evidently somewhat unexpected, and our stay was very short, so that the people at the three villages at Taû were not able to assemble for our meeting in such numbers as we should have liked, but a canoe was sent across to Ofu and Olosenga to ask the people to meet us at Ofu, and they turned out in considerable numbers and we had a delightful service. My visit to Taû was marked by the discovery that the teacher there was a fellow angler. His long, bamboo rod was hanging up in front of his house, so of course I examined it, much to his amusement. He had *three* lines on his rod, and at the end of each was a small artificial fly. The difference between these and the artificial flies we are accustomed to was that instead of the body being made of feathers or wool it was made of shell, cut into the form of a very small fish, a few grass fibres were attached to the end of this as a

tail, and the hook was tied on underneath. One was white, another was red, and the third was nearly black, so that he could vary his fly according to the state of the water. There is such a sense of

LEONE BAY, TUTUILA, SAMOA.

fraternity among fishers that the teacher cut off the three "flies" at once and gave them to me!

The pastors and deacons of the Manu'a churches returned with us to Tutuila and Apia on the *John Williams*, in order that they

might be able to attend the annual gatherings of the Union of the Churches at Manu'a. We also took with us all the pastors and deacons from Tutuila. After the meetings were over they were all brought back to Tutuila by the *John Williams* on her way to the N.W. outstations.

We returned to Tutuila from Manu'a on the Saturday evening, arriving at Leone very early on Sunday morning. Before breakfast the Mission boat was seen coming off to the ship, and in it were seated Mr. Cooper's bonny lassies, Mary and Isabel, sweet children, who came to fetch their father on shore, and who gave us a most loving welcome. Since then both of them have had to go away to school in Sydney, and one can realize how dull the house must be without their bright faces and pleasant ways. We spent a busy and very happy Sunday at Leone Bay, and then on the Monday morning the people came to greet us in formal fashion. They were not quite so willing to give up their regular way of doing things as the people on Upolu and Savaii had been, so we had to submit with a good grace. They came in detachments, a few at a time, and kept on coming, first the chiefs, then the pastors, then the people generally. Each company brought a present of food and made speeches and expected replies. We could not have found a pleasanter place for such demonstrations, for the Mission-house is beautifully situated, and commands a splendid view of the picturesque bay and the forest-clad mountains.

When the deputations and speeches were over outside, we had two serious meetings in the schoolroom, the first with the boarding-school boys and the next with the pastors of the district. Then we went on board again and steamed off to Pangi Pango. It was very windy and rough outside, but as soon as we got within that beautiful land-locked

basin we were in perfect calm. A meeting that evening at a village called Fogo-togo, and another next morning at the head of the bay with the pastors and people of the east end of Tutuila, were the last

GROUP OF CHIEFS, LEONE, TUTUILA.

opportunities we had of visiting stations. We returned to Leone Bay on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of taking Mrs. Cooper and the children with us to Apia, and after a quiet night's sail got safely to harbour early next morning. This completed the round of the

group. The following Sunday, August 1st, was spent partly at Malua, and partly at Apia. On the Wednesday after we said a final good-bye to the beautiful ship which the children have provided for the South Sea Mission. It had been our home for four months, and had enabled us to make a round of visits among the stations which would not have been possible without such help. The trip was not a holiday excursion, for we had serious business at every point, but it was a pleasure trip in the truest sense. We had such comfortable quarters on board, and were the recipients of such constant kindness from Captain Hore and all under him, that the voyage was a pleasure, notwithstanding strong winds and heavy seas. The islands were so beautiful, and the scenes we witnessed were so novel, that we never wearied of our days on shore. Wherever we went, we found ourselves among friends, and we found the native Christians, though they are still children in knowledge and in character, giving abundant evidence that the grace of God was working in their hearts.

The *John Williams* started for the North-West outstations, and I was sorry to see her go without me. Next day I had to say good-bye to the true friend and genial companion who had shared with me the cares and pleasures of the trip. My cruise in the *John Williams* being ended, I embarked on the mail steamer *Moana*, and went to Sydney, thanking God for the safe journey, and the wondrous charm of my South Sea trip.

THE END.

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